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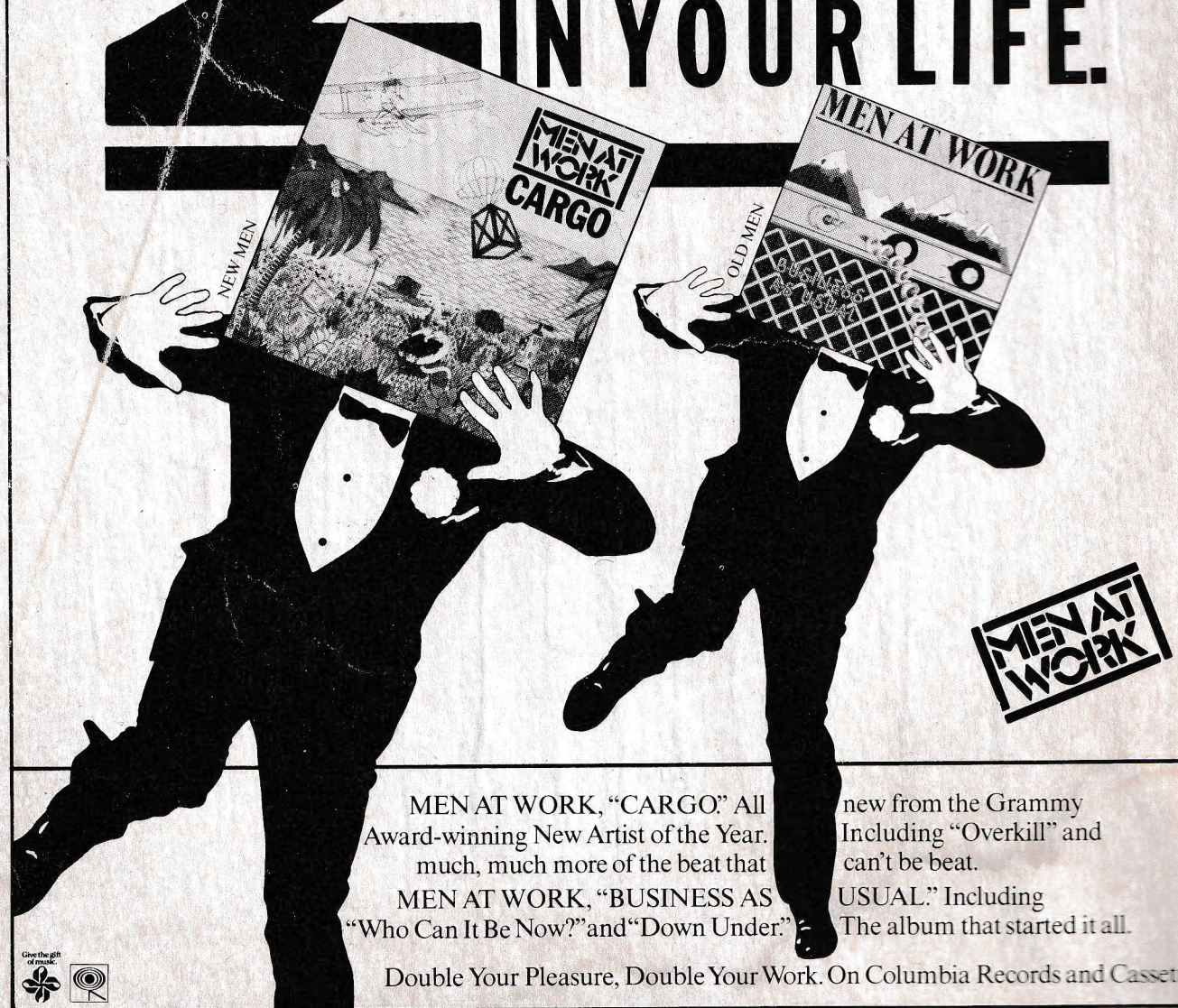

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VOL. 15
NO. 1

CREEM®

JUNE
1983

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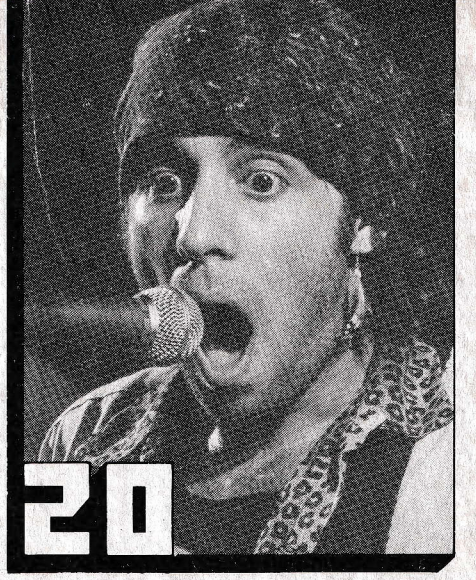

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Heavy Metal Photo Book was printed in Japan and is currently on its way to us via its publisher in England. The book will ship from Rock Read's warehouse on May 20. Reserve your copy today.

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Ride the "Crazy Train!" Pages of pics and a brief history highlight this collection of words and music to 12 of Ozzy's best, including "Diary of a Madman" and, of course, "You Can't Kill Rock 'n' Roll!"

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Thank you for keeping me entertained for the last 14 years. I really enjoy reading your magazine. My favorite part of your magazine are the letters. Reading them makes me feel like a normal person. Next to the letters, I like the replies from the "Ed." And, of course, there are the captions under the pictures.

Beth
Northville, MI
(Of course. —Ed.)

A USE FOR AUSTRALIA?

Q. What do you call a boomerang that won't return to you?
A. A stick.
N.S.
Staten Island, NY

SHADES OF ELVIS!

Me and my friend Donzo are in a county jail.
Scott and Donzo
Mt. Pleasant, IA

WHINNY!

So far I've written you five letters, had two printed, but I still haven't gotten Mr. Ed to make a snotty comment. What if I told Mr. Ed that I know he is really the elusive caption writer!! What if I told him I was contemplating suicide by swallowing back-issues? Or that I was going to unearth Jim Morrison's coffin? Or what if I told Mr. Ed that I would never write another letter again!! Peace, Mr. Ed.

Alice
Hackensack, NJ
(Wilbur... Wilbur? —Mr. Ed.)

SKIN DEEP PLUS WET SHORTS

I want to be an actor, but every time I write someone and ask them can they help me or recommend me to agents and managers, I don't get an answer. I want to be one of these—an actor, model, or do one of these—TV commercials, soap operas, films or a TV series. Please do your best to help me or recommend me to someone like agents or managers of TV series or TV commercials. Please write or call me and tell me your answers.

Wayne Wheeler
Brooklyn, NY
(Hey, where's that casting couch we had in here??? —Ed.)

JETT PILOT OUT?

There's this damn teacher at school. He thinks he knows everything. He told my friend that Joan Jett had died! We got really pissed-off about it. I don't believe it. Some say she's still alive. I'm not sure about it, though.

I like Joan because she's my favorite rock singer. I never gave a damn for teachers! I would

OVER A DECADE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!
BOY HOWDY!
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EST. 1969

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EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
210 SOUTH WOODWARD AVENUE, SUITE 209
BIRMINGHAM, MI 48011
(313) 642-8833

WEST COAST PUBLISHER'S REPRESENTATIVE
JAY EISENBERG
6855 SANTA MONICA BLVD., SUITE 200
LOS ANGELES, CA 90038
(212) 467-2266

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tell those people who don't like her to stick their head in a mudhole.

Candy-O
Tuba City, AZ

HEY MASSES—LISTEN UP!

Just wanted to write and thank you guys for doing all the great stories about musicians and bands that are striving to make rock 'n' roll more interesting for us all. It looks like rock music journalists at other publications would want to feel that, like you, they were helping popularize fresh, innovative rock sounds.

Rock 'n' roll doesn't need superstars and corporate rock pretensions anymore. These are the '80s! Rock needs more renaissance men like Costello and Gabriel. It needs more modern-minded bands like the Police, the Clash and A Flock Of Seagulls. And, most of all, rock 'n' roll needs open-minded radio personnel willing to give these and other musicians and bands a chance to show the masses what '80s rock is all about.

Brent Canter
California, MO

WHICH WITCH IS WHICH?

There being a bad for every good (or the other way around depending on which side of the fence you're watching from), there does exist Satan-rock. Bands like Tank, Bitch's Sin, Raven, Tygers Of Pan Tang, Witchfynde, Angel Witch, A II Z, Rabies, Grim Reaper, Quartz, Witchfinder General and others.

Bill Davis
Beaver Falls, PA
(You left out Placido Domingo!—Ed.)

FOGHAT, ANGUS, FEET

If I may, here are some comments on your *Close-Up on Metal Music* issue: 1) Are you sure you don't mean *Stone Blue* instead of *Stage Blue* in your Foghat discog?; 2) Angus slobbers; 3) The girl in the picture with Rob Halford has ugly feet.

I Am Not Ugly!
Harrisburg, PA

BRIBED BY EDITORS?

Your magazine is really informing, not only to avid rock 'n' rollers but many branches of music. Could you update some music coming out of Michigan? People never believe me that Detroit is the rock 'n' roll capital of the world.

Could we please see a picture of Connie Kramer, who is in the driver's seat?

Jeff Davidge
Anchorage, AK

TIPS ON PERSONAL HYGIENE

To David Lee Roth—Please comb your hair, and for crissake stop shaving your ass!

Melissa Small
Fairfield, CT

ELMO REVEALED (AGAIN)!

Elmo is the ugliest member of the Black Widows motorcycle gang from the Clint Eastwood movies *Every Which Way But Loose* and *Every Which Way You Can*. Gawd, is he ugly. And what's worse, he stole my checkbook!

Paul Akstulewicz
Menasha, WI

WOE WOE WOE!

2/4
Beam me up, Scotty, this planet sucks!
2/6
Second thought, Scotty...I wonder what it would be like being a green M&M in a bowl full

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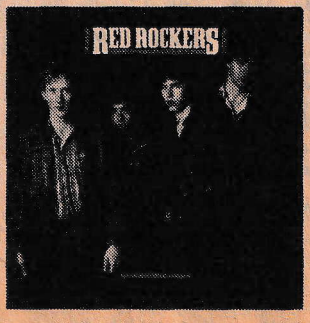

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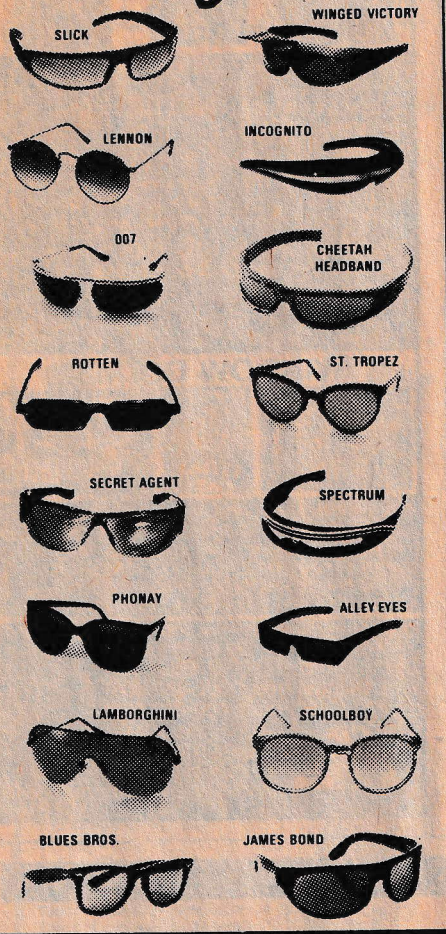

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of Van Halen?

2/10

"Woe to you, oh Earth and Sea, for the Devil sends the beast with wrath, because he knows the time is short...Let him who hath understanding reckon the number of the beast for it is a human number, its number is six hundred, three score and six."

2/14

Diary of a madwoman/Walk the line again today/Entries of confusion/Dear diary, I'm here to stay!/Enemies fill up the pages/Are they me?/Monday 'til Sunday in stages/Set Me Free!

Raven Mad
Waipahu, HI

IS *THAT* ALL THERE IS?

I have just bought CREEM for the first time. I've never cared for rock until I heard Def Leppard. If they can change a country music fan into a rocker, give them some credit and write about the group. They're great!

Peggy Lee
Elizabeth, NJ

(How was din-din with Paulie, Peg?—Ed.)

BOY GEORGE, BY GOLLY!

Seems the wheel of fortune has taken a downward spin now that I've seen The Culture Club. The singer is very offensive. Is it possible to have him lashed and executed in the very near future? I would urp on his [*male appendage*] if I could. Then I would urp on his face.

Laurel Revis
Native of MI only a year ago

(That does it, Kordosh, get rid of those dreadlocks.—Ed.)

PRAY IT'S NOT SO!

I KILLED ELMO!
Mrs. Elmo
Kirtland, OH

ED'S REVENGE!

Please read!
Dave A. (A proud Canadian)
Burlington, Ontario

Please write this letter!
Jett Fan
Brooklyn, NY

Please print this. I'm sure a lot of people would appreciate it.
D.P.S. (Wicked Cool)
Boston, MA

Print this, please. I had something to say!
ME
Lancaster, PA

Please, please if you have any feelings and sympathy for sex-starved women, please print this, CREEM!

S.B. & K.L. (David Lee Roth's Hungry Women)
Van Nuys, CA

PLEASE! Pretty, pretty, PLEASE print my letter!

Alicia Jagger Richards
Dix Hills, NY

Please print *both* my letters.
Marcia DiGiacomo
Albertson, NY

Please print all of this or none of this. *No* editing please.

Fred Marcin
Columbia, MD

Please don't print this!
S.L.B.
Narberth, PA

Read this! (Don't print that).
Tom Sawyer & Seaside Woman
Quincy, MO

Don't print this: Since it took me so much time to write this, please print it.

Lee S., the only Clash fan that matters
Montreal, Canada

Personal for Adam Ant only. Do not print.
Sugar & Spice
Keystone State, USA

Print this or die!
Mr. Belinda Carlisle!
Fraser, MI

If you don't print this, I'll find out where Robert Christgau lives and burn his house down!

BC
Somewhere Near NYC

You never print my letters when I write them in blue, so I guess I'll try red.

Laura
The Fallout Zone
Hicksville, NY

How come you never print my letters? It's hard typing with little hairy paws. The keys all stick together.

K. Koala
Boston, MA

Thank you CREEM for publishing my letter.
Van Halen Fan
Milwaukee, WI

I know this isn't 'gonna be printed, so I'm wondering why I went to so much work for this letter. What a stupid bother!

Kinky Karin
Waterloo, IA

Is there any chance of getting my stamp back?
Mike Gucci
Las Vegas, NV

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR"?

Darling Dave,

Would you give me the pleasure of making all my dreams come true? I always dream that you and I (ha ha ha), well, you know what I mean. I'm sure it would be a lot of fun, and I know I wouldn't be disappointed.

Love,
Your Lil' Dreamer
Somewhere in CA

(Says Dave: Let's ALL discuss what we want!")

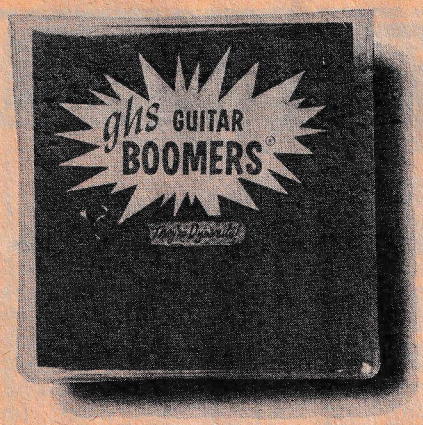
AN OFFER TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

I bought an issue of CREEM. It was a March issue, and on p. 36 the article was worn off. I wouldn't have minded, but the article is so worn off, I don't know what it's about. If you would, could you write me and give me another page of that issue, or tell me what to do?

Mary Conway
Maple Glen, PA

(Here's what you should do: Go out and buy all

TURN TO PAGE 64



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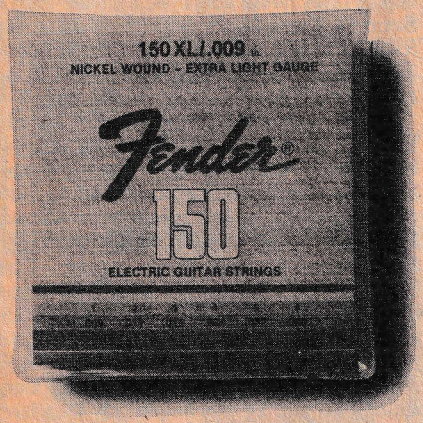

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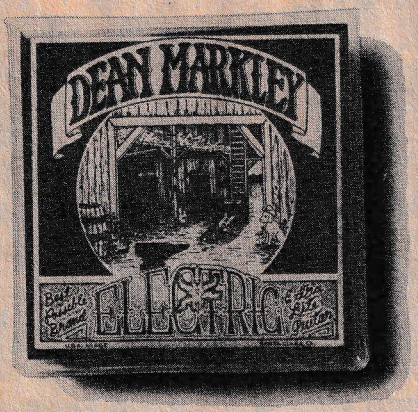

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CHRISTGAU CONSUMER GUIDE

Debra Trebitz/LGI

by Robert Christgau

STEVE ARRINGTON'S HALL OF FAME: "I" (Atlantic):: Funk vocals are so cartoon-defined you'd figure the bassist to end up with the real band after the split. But it must have been Arrington's parts of Slave's collective compositions that made them stick. Here he proposes nothing less than to modulate the nasalities, glottal constrictions, and Mel Blanc raunch of Ohio playing into an emotionally integrated—soulful, as the expression goes—singing style. Funnier lyrics would make this task easier. Likewise funnier bass parts. **B+**

RAY CHARLES: "Wish You Were Here Tonight" (Columbia):: Two decades ago, on *Modern Sounds in Country & Western Music*, Charles transfigured pop, prefigured soul, and defined modern country & western music. This return to a symbolic Nashville (recorded in his own L.A. studio, natch, though unlike 1970's *Love Country Style* it leans more heavily on banjo-mandolin-steel than on Sid Feller's strings) celebrates his latest contract with yet another rehash of his jokey, deeply felt shtick. Not that it can't be great shtick. But he's always better off grabbing other people's classics than trying to create new ones from scratch, and I bet he's got publishing on three or four of the songs you never heard of. **B**

ERIC CLAPTON: "Money and Cigarettes" (Duck/Warner Bros.):: The groove is as inspired as this crack band of blues 'n' boogie pros can make it—when Cooder, Lee, Dunn & Hawkins play their hearts out, mere professionalism (also mere boogie) gets left behind, and Clapton's guitar hasn't rung so crisp and clear since *Layla*. The drawback is that the music is the message, everything Clapton boasts he ("still") has "left to say" on "Ain't Going Down," his only notable new song. If blues power were my idea of God, I might feel a transcendent presence even so. But blues power in itself isn't even my idea of a foxhole. **B+**

JOHNNY COPELAND:"Make My Home Where I Hang My Hat" (Rounder):: At the outset Copeland identifies himself as a "Natural Born Believer," then applies himself to the bluesman's dilemma of making that belief come just as naturally to us. On his debut album, an all-star horn section and a quarter century of pent-up ambition put him over, but here he opts for the homey (and perhaps overfamiliar) spontaneity of his road band and instead gets horns and songs that sound half-dead until he mixes in some covers overdisc. **B**

DIVINYLS: "Desperate" (Chrysalis):: The voracious readymade chords of this Australian quintet aspire more to rock than to rock 'n' roll, but when you think about it, so do Joan Jett's. Christina Amphlett plays a town slut who's moving up in the world of sexual—and emotional—obsession, like Iggy Pop with a heart as big—and needful—as his dick. And on the Easybeats' "Make You Happy" she gets to the infantile root. **A-**

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: "H2O" (RCA Victor):: The bristling hookcraft and fussy funk of their crossover has never been more unmistakable, and neither has its small-mindedness. Only "One on One," the album's sole seduction song, breaks the waspish music into something bigger, and while their dispatches from the sex wars might gain heart if gender-reversed (women get partial lyric credit on no less than five of them), I just don't believe "Maneater" was conceived with a Nona Hendryx interpretation in mind. **B-**

JIMI HENDRIX: "The Jimi Hendrix Concerts" (Warner Bros.):: After 12 years of posthumous barrel-scraping there really isn't all that much live Hendrix around, and this worthy but rarely compelling two-record set suggests a reason: what's available ain't that hot. Limited by Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell, never the world's greatest living rhythm section, it showcases Hendrix the heavy metal paterfamilias rather than Hendrix the nonpareil rock improvisor (not that the two weren't sometimes the same). There've been more exciting versions of such highlights as "Hear My Train a Comin' " (on *Rainbow Bridge*), "Little Wing," and especially "Red House" (both on the criminally deleted *Hendrix in the West*). But "Are You Experienced" has never been noisier. **B+**

PETER HOFMANN: "Rock Classics" (CBS):: If all 10 selections were as hilariously wrong as "The House of the Rising Sun," which kicks off the genu-wine Cherman *heldentenor's* bid for the unwashed market, it might qualify as a camp masterpiece. Instead it's merely dreadful, an object lesson in how poorly the technical paraphernalia of European good-and-beautiful serve American pop. You can hear why the effortless purity of Hofmann's three-octave range pleases opera enthusiasts—Judy Collins would kill a whale for it. But "Bridge Over Troubled Water" has never sounded lovelier than in Simon & Garfunkel's original because their fragile harmonies underscore the modesty that makes the melody soar. And if not even Ray Charles could make much of "The Long And Winding Road," he also had the good sense to avoid "MacArthur Park" and "Nights In White Satin" altogether. What is it they're supposed to have over in Europe? Oh, I remember—taste. **D**

HOT CHOCOLATE: "Mystery" (EMI America):: Maybe the reason Errol Brown's never broken through Stateside is the inscrutability that's always made him such a provocative pop figure—he gives you nothing to hold on to but the hook. And though his hooks have never been more abundant, I'm beginning to wish I knew why he took so much trouble. **B+**

IMAGINATION: "In The Heat Of The Night" (MCA):: Most English groove albums project disco into a chrome-plated videogame "future"; this one conjoins it to a flesh-and-blood rock 'n' roll "past." Sweeter and simpler—but not dumber—than their alienated-adolescent counterparts across the color line, Leee John and friends depict themselves on the cover as Flash Gordon-style gladiator-cosmonauts on an endless keyboard into space, but they're love men nevertheless, and one more hook as hypnotic as "Just An Illusion" 's would have every android from here to Triton making out on the couch. **B+**

KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE: "Love Over and Over" (Polydor):: Having reclaimed their equilibrium and resigned themselves to making their own music in their own place, the sisters come up with the rockingest album of their reluctant career, with Andrew Cowan's guitar a pervasive presence and Mark Knopfler himself sitting in on one track. The effect is gratifyingly smart, tasty, and unforced, with every song perfectly articulated. But the equilibrium extends all too comfortable to the material itself—there's none of the wrenching luminosity of a "Mendocino" or a "Walking Song" or a "Bundle of Sorrow, Bundle of Joy." Which reminds us once again that careerism does have its artistic advantages. **A-**

MISSION OF BURMA: "Vs." (Ace of Hearts):: Is it merely the cornball in me who wishes these stiff, snarling, abrasive

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KILLERS-**Q,A**
MAIDEN JAPAN-**Q,A**
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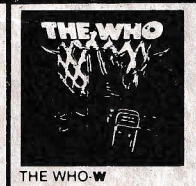
JUDAS PRIEST

SCREAMING FOR VENGENCE-**Q,A**
POINT OF ENTRY-**Q,A**
BRITISH STEEL-**W,J**
ALSO: **P,BS,TP,B,PA,S, TS,TAP,PH,KC.**

THE WHO



THE WHO-**W**

WHO '82 TOUR-**J**

WHO '82 TOUR-**A**

ADAM ANT

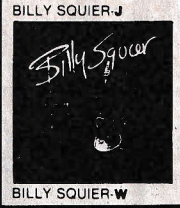
FRIEND OR FOE-**W,J**
ALSO: **P**

ASIA

ASIA-**W**
ASIA-**J**

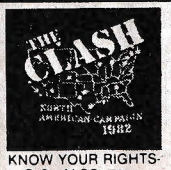
BILLY SQUIER

BILLY SQUIER-**J**



BILLY SQUIER-**W**

CLASH



KNOW YOUR RIGHTS-**Q,A** ALSO: **PH**

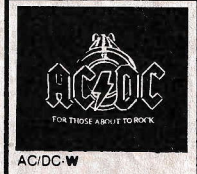
SCORPIONS

BLACKOUT-**W,J**
LOGO-**W,J**
ALSO: **H,P,TP**

CULTURE CLUB

CULTURE CLUB-**Q,P**

AC/DC



AC/DC-**W**

AC/DC-**J**
ALSO: **TS**

STRAY CATS

STRAY CATS-**W,J**

AEROSMITH

ROCK IN A HARD PLACE-**W,J**

FOREIGNER

FOREIGNER-**W,J**
ALSO: **TP**

TRIUMPH

ALLIED FORCES-**Q,A**
ALSO: **B,PA,S**

NAZARETH

NAZARETH-**Q**

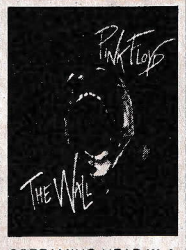
JOURNEY

MOTHERSHIP-**W,J**
ESCAPE-**W,J**
CAPTURED-**W**
DEPARTURE-**W**
ALSO: **H,C,TS,KC.**

QUEEN

QUEEN-**W,J**

PINK FLOYD



SCREAMING HEAD-**W,J**
DARK SIDE OF MOON-**W,J**
MARCHING HAMMERS-**W,J**
TEACHER GRINDER-**W,J**
COLLAGE-**W,J**
ALSO: **PH,TS,B,BS,S,C.**

VAN HALEN

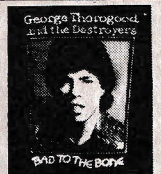
81 TOUR-**Q,A**

82 TOUR-**Q,A**
ALSO: **PH,H,TP,TS,B, BS,KC.**

PAT BENATAR

NERVOUS-**W,J**

GEORGE THOROGOOD



GEORGE THOROGOOD-**Q**

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

FREEBIRD-**W**
GUN & BASEBALL-**W**
WHISKEY-**W,J**
ALSO: **H,P,PH.**

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RAINBOW

STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES-**Q,A**
DIFFICULT TO CURE-**Q**
ALSO: **P,H,BS,B,S,KC.**

OZZY OSBOURNE

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL-**W**

EXECUTIONER-**W,J**
BLIZZARD OF OZZ-**W**
DIARY OF MADMAN-**W,J**
ALSO: **H,P,C,TS,PH.**

SAXON

STRONG ARM OF THE LAW-**Q,A**
DENIM & LEATHER-**Q,A**
ALSO: **P,BS,B**

POLICE

GHOST IN THE MACHINE-**Q,A**
BADGE-**W**
ZENYATTA MONDATTA-**W**
ALSO: **TAP,P,B,BS,S,H, TP,TS,KC.**

PARTY

PARTY TILL YOU DIE-**W**

BLACK SABBATH

WORLD TOUR-**W,J**
MOB RULE-**W,J**
HAND CROSS-**W**
ALSO: **H,PH,TP,P**

MICHAEL SCHENKER

MICHAEL SCHENKER-**W**

PLUS

MOLLY HATCHET-**Q,A**
ABC-**Q**
LED ZEPPELIN-**W**
BOC (ET)-**W,J,PH**
CHEAP TRICK-**W**
FLEETWOOD MAC-**W,P**
TOM PETTY-**W**
TED NUGENT-**W,PH,B, PA**
PRETENDERS (TALK OF THE TOWN)-**QA.** ALSO: **TAP**
J GEILS-**Q,TS,KC,TAP**
REO-**W,J,H,PA,TS,PH,S**
RICK SPRINGFIELD-**A**
JOHN COUGAR-**Q,A**
ALICE COOPER-**Q,A**
GARY NUMAN-**Q**
JOAN JETT-**W,J,P**
KROKUS (ONE VICE AT A TIME)-**Q**
MOTELS-**Q,A**
HUMAN LEAGUE-**Q**
DOORS-**W,TAP**
MOODY BLUES-**Q,A**
PAT TRAVERS-**Q**
RODS-**Q**
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BOB SEGER-**W,J,PH,P, H,PA**
JETRHO TULL-**TP**
38 SPECIAL-**KC,TAP**
HENDRIX-**W,J,PA,P**
AIR SUPPLY-**PH,PA**
DOOBIE BROTHERS-**W, TP**
RIOT-**Q,A**
MOODY BLUES-**Q,A,TP**

raveups would break into anthem a little more often? After all, how much of a cornball can I be if I believe stiff, snarling, abrasive raveups would be just peachy if only they did—maybe even if the words connected for more than a line at a time. N.b.: departing guitarist Roger Miller wrote more than half the songs, and anthemic he ain't. What next? **B+**

IGGY POP: "Zombie Birdhouse" (Animal):: Granted artistic freedom by idealist entrepreneur Chris Stein after three albums of hard-rock self-formulization for bad old Clive Davis, the Ig comes up with the most experimental record of his career. Also the worst. Don't blame musicmeister Rob duPrey, whose settings maintain stylistic continuity yet generate a certain theoretical interest of their own. Blame the slogans, social theory, in-jokes, bad poetry, and vocal dramaturgy he had to work with. **B-**

LOU REED: "Legendary Hearts" (RCA Victor):: If *The Blue Mask* was a tonic, the follow-up's a long drink of water, trading impact and intensity for the stated goal of this (final?) phase of Reed's music: continuity, making do, the long haul. The greatest songs on *The Blue Mask* honored the extremes he was learning to live without while "My House" and the like copped to the implicit sentimentality of his resolution. Here both ends approach the middle. "Legendary Hearts" and "Betrayed" clarify Reed's commitment by laying out the down side of romantic marriage; "Bottoming Out" and "The Last Shot" and the elegiac "Home of the Brave" excise melodrama from his waves of fear. Equally important, "Martial Law" and "Don't Talk To Me About Work" and the almost, well, *liberal* "Pow Wow" prove that sometimes his great new band is just a way for him to write great new songs, which is what his endurance had better be about in the end. **A**

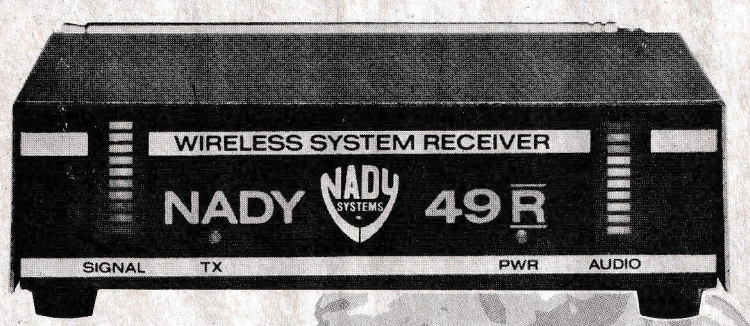
ROXY MUSIC: "Avalon" (Warner Bros.):: At its juiciest Bryan Ferry's romanticism has always seemed too arch and too sour, not to mention too juicy, which is why this minor triumph sounds mild or even dull at first: after all these years its sweet simplicity is unexpected. We've always known he recorded "These Foolish Things" in a fond hope that someday he'd believe it, and while I never will, I can enjoy his pleasure in the accomplishment. **A-**

GIL SCOTT-HERON: "Moving Target" (Arista):: With Malcolm Cecil coproducing Scott-Heron's music comes back strong—the horns and rhythm are progressive funk as it was meant to be, Tower of Power without Vegas, dissonant and intricate and talky and natural. But the Caribbean inflections are compromised enough to suit a lyric that sounds commissioned by the Jamaican Tourist Board if not Edward Seaga himself, and while this album has plenty of good parts, they come together only on the side-openers: two on side one, one on side two. **B**

SLAVE: "Visions of the Lite" (Cotillion):: Each side kicks off with a small band and preceeds pleasantly enough, but Mark L. Adams's half of the band spells it like the beer for a reason—not enough body to make you rub your belly after the brew has gone down. **B-**

TOTO: "Toto IV" (Columbia):: Wish I could claim this millionaire Grammy-rock was totally pleasureless, but professionalism is rarely that neat. The fattest of all studio bands is almost as hooky as Shoes or the Ramones, and their production excesses at times betray verve, delight, even (though I must be mistaken) a sense of humor. But the lyrics are utterly forgettable, and the tone and spirit have nothing to do with rock 'n' roll—unlike Thom Bell, to whom they've been rapturously compared in *Billboard*, they don't know the difference between slick and smooth, between hedonism and conspicuous consumption. And at least Michael MacDonald learned his shit from the real thing; Bobby Kimball and Steve Lukather learned theirs from MacDonald. Still, for a band that crosses Chicago, Asia, and the Doobie Brothers, they have their glitzy moments. **B-**

TRUE SOUNDS OF LIBERTY: "Beneath The Shadows" (Alternative Tentacles):: Musically and verbally, TSOL stand between the high school protest of L.A. neopunk and the collegiate lyricism of L.A. neopsychedelia. Wordwise this is half a disaster—their colors running into the sand are even less interesting than Black Flag's antiauthoritarian rant or the Dream Syndicate's postnarcissistic angst. It's only because of the lyric sheet that you notice, though—Jack Delauge yawps out catchphrases as passable as anybody's and pretty much garbles the rest. And while the musical synthesis isn't as formally sophisticated as that of the more fashionable new American sound bands, it's more direct, so robust and determined it blows all suspicions of nostalgia away. **B+**



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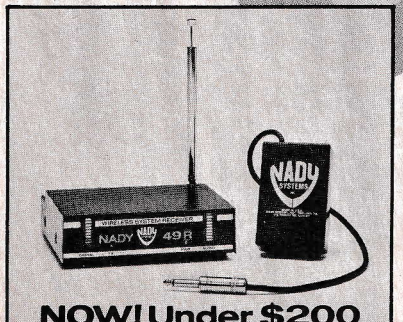

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ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS™

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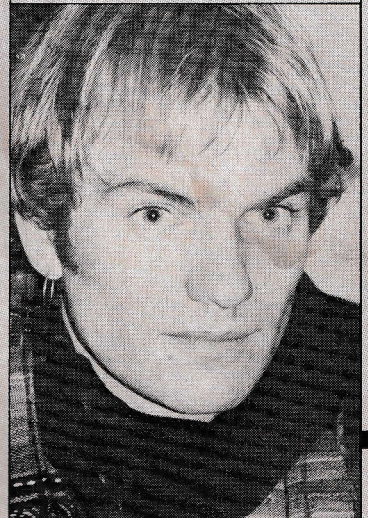
Some beautiful, intelligent, college student wrote "*Boy, am I ugly!*" on this picture but, luckily, we caught it in time!

Bob Dylan's next album is being produced by **Dire Straits** maestro **Mark Knopfler** (he contributed guitar to Dylan's *Slow Train Coming*), who reports that there is no "sacred" material on the LP, which is reportedly a "rock 'n' roll" affair. Zany Zimmy was recently asked by someone at CBS Records whether he was still a Christian or not. His reply? "What are you talking about? What makes you think *that*? Whoever said I was Christian? Did you see the movie *Gandhi*? Well, like Gandhi, I'm Christian, I'm Jewish, I'm a Moslem, I'm a Hindu. I am a humanist!" Oh, *that Bob!!*

The **Police**'s next LP, *Synchronicity* (whatever *that* means!), originally scheduled for release this May, has been postponed until late June due to **Sting**'s starring role in the forthcoming *Dune* film. Just *look* at those blond reggae rockers, who'll follow the album with a world tour, including about 50 stops in the U.S.A.!!

Yeah, I'm about *this* intense! Why?



Michael N. Marks

A witness identified only as "Butch" recently told Senate Judiciary Committee that the Hell's Angels have an "open contract" on **Mick Jagger** and the **Rolling Stones**, and have tried to murder members of the band at least twice since the 1969 slaying of a spectator by the Angels at Altamont Speedway. "Butch," a 43-year-old former leader of the Angels chapter in Cleveland, who's serving time on a murder rap, told the committee that the Angels are still angry because they feel that the Stones "did not back them" in the subsequent prosecution following the killing. Butch said that killing the Stones is an obsession with the motorcycle gang, and that one result of Altamont is that "no Hell's Angel listens to Mick Jagger's music" (which undoubtedly has Mick crying all the way to the bank). Several weeks later, Angels president **Sonny Barger** held a press conference to announce that the claims were totally "untrue." Added Barger: "If you don't believe me, you'll have to ask Mick Jagger." The Stones issued no comment on the matter.

Richie Beau has replaced **Marky Ramone** as the seminal punk band's drummer. Although Beau's already played several gigs with the group, he will keep his own surname.

Miami Steve Van Zandt of **E Street Band/Disciples Of Soul** fame was recently thrown out of Disneyland for his "undesirable" appearance. (Geez, they should've seen his bass player!)

Those fortunate enough to see the recent tour by Boston's outstanding **Mission Of Burma** will probably be sad to hear that the tour may be the band's last. Guitarist **Roger Miller** has developed tinnitus, which is the medical terminology for constant ear ringing caused by exposure to loud noise. The band did tape several shows for a live LP, so fans may find some consolation in that.

Neil Zlozower/Calif. Features

Billy Squier has discovered the schmaltz-rock answer to 5 Day Pads!

Billy Squier was recently joined onstage in Long Beach, California by heavy metal goddesses **Olivia Newton-John** and **Sheena Easton**...

Rock 'n' roll record bonfires have been a fad among Christians ever since John Lennon issued his infamous "We are more popular than Jesus" statement. But a **Lawrence Welk** bonfire?!? Records by the Champagne Music Maker joined vinyl by **Black Sabbath** and others at a recent record burning sponsored by the Church of the Open Door in Greensburg, Pennsylvania. **Tom Gernert**, 18, president of the church youth group, said Welk was blacklisted because he plays dance music. "We believe in the saying, 'A dancing foot and a praying knee don't belong on the same leg.' "

Perhaps in answer to *The Compleat Beatles*, **Paul McCartney**, **George Harrison** and **Ringo Starr** have just completed work on *The Long And Winding Road*, a film chronicle of their early years, which includes the **Beatles'** last concert at Candlestick Park in San Francisco. No release date had yet been set at presstime.

The **dB's**, one of New York's best pop bands, have been signed to Bearsville Records.

Jefferson Starship pilot **Paul Kantner** has just completed his three millionth solo LP with help from **Grace Slick**, **Ronnie Montrose** and producers **Flo & Eddie**.

Britain's **Sisters Of Mercy** recently recorded a cover of the **Stooges**' "1969," reportedly a highlight of their live show. The only problem is that the tape is in the possession of one Mr. **Iggy Pop**, who refuses to give it back. The tape was presented to the Ig by **John Ashton**, who is producing the Sisters aside from his guitar duties with the **Psychedelic Furs**.

The back of **Berlin**'s debut EP, *Pleasure Victim*, credits sexy lead vocalist **Terri Nunn** with "BJ's." The group recently explained that the abbreviation stands for "bad jokes," which Terri is full of. And you though it stood for something else, didn't ya? *Get your mind out of the gutter, you perverts!!*

Poor Terri just got her own BJ.

Greg Papazian

ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS™

Robert Matheu

"Now that I have Todd completely under my power," cackles wicked Elvira, "I'll make him write *hit singles intentionally!*"

As busy as ever, **Todd Rundgren** just finished producing a single for the **Lords Of The New Church**—a cover of the **Grass Roots**' "Let's Live For Today"—and is currently in the studio producing a single for **Laura Nyro**, her first recording in over 5 years. Todd also flew to Chicago in early February to meet with **Cheap Trick**...

During a San Diego show that turned into a near-riot, **Lords Of The New Church** singer **Stiv Bator** was shot in the chest with a high velocity pellet from a CO2-powered gun. Stiv was rushed to the hospital, spitting up blood (he fractured a rib), but he should be totally"healed" by the time you read this.

"Next, ya wanna see my *hernia* scar...?" leches Stiv.

Terry Chimes will no longer be playing drums for the **Clash**. Chimes, who was a temporary replacement for **Topper Headon** anyway, cited a dislike of touring as his reason for leaving. Rumors persist that Headon has "cleaned up" and will be returning to the band in the near future.

Great news for modern lovers everywhere! The lovable **Jonathan Richman** has signed with Sire Records, and is currently in L.A. recording an LP, his first since 1979's *Back In Your Life*.

Warner Brothers and Slash Records have announced an exclusive distribution pact between the two companies. Under the agreement, Warner Brothers will distribute future product from Slash, including the company's sister label, Ruby Records. Up to this point, Warners has only distributed records by the **Blasters**. Warners will now be distributing the debut LPs by the **Dream Syndicate** *(The Days Of Wine And Roses)* and **Rank & File** *(Sundown)*, as well as brand new LPs by the Blasters *(Non-Fiction)* and the **Violent Femmes**, a new three-piece band whose music has been described as a cross between **Dylan** and **Lou Reed**.

Members of **Kiss** had their hotel rooms recently burglarized in Florida, and the thieves got away with $3,000 worth of jewelry and cash, not to mention **Gene Simmons**' infamous photo collection of Kiss groupies in interesting positions. A shame...

Neil Young's next LP will be a country & western venture, which he's currently recording in Nashville "only on full moons."

Steve Wozniak of Apple Computers/UNUSON Corp. will stage another US Festival this May in Devore, California. US Festival II will be held over two consecutive weekends—May 28, 29, 30 and June 4—and will feature one weekend of rock with June 4th spotlighting country music. **David Bowie**, the **Clash**, the **Stray Cats**, the **English Beat, Little Steven, Van Halen, Judas Priest, Ozzy Osbourne**, the **Pretenders, U2, John Cougar** and **Willie Nelson** are just a few of the acts signed to appear.

Andrew Loog Oldham, who produced all of the **Rolling Stones**' early hits, is currently manning the controls for **Robert Gordon**'s next LP.

After a three year absence, *What Goes On*, the **Velvet Underground** fanzine, has published a new 52-page issue, including interviews with **Andy Warhol, Nico, John Cale** and a previously unpublished **Lester Bangs** piece on Nico. Velvet fans can send $3 plus postage to Mike Kostek, 5721 SE Laguna Ave., Stuart, FL 33494.

According to FBI files just released under the U.S. Freedom of Information Act, the FBI had **John Lennon** under constant surveillance in the early '70s, hoping to arrest the ex-**Beatle** on drug charges so he could be immediately deported. The government plot was a result of Lennon's anti-war/anti-Nixon tirades.

David Bowie has reportedly signed to play Abe Lincoln in a mammoth 12-hour opera called *The Civil Wars: A Tree Is Best Measured When It Is Down*, written by **Robert Wilson**, who collaborated with avant-garde composer **Philip Glass** on *Einstein On The Beach*. **Talking Head David Byrne** has contributed music to the production...In other theater news, **Debbie Harry** will play

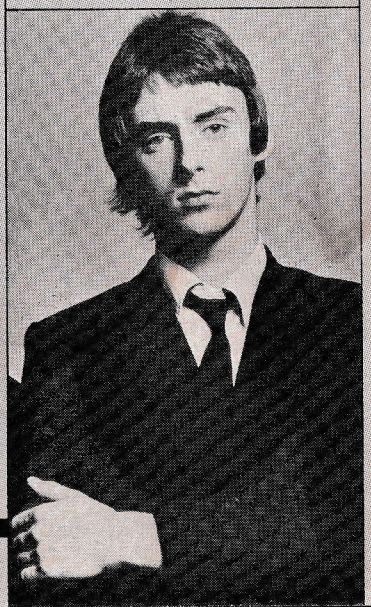
Andre Csillag

Sneaky Dave refuses to return Jane Seymour's mis-matched eyes! "Possession is 99% of the law..." he snickered.

the lead in a Broadway production of *Trafford Tanzi*. Ironically, **Toyah Wilcox** originated the role in Britain.

In case you haven't heard yet, ex-**Jam** leader **Paul Weller**'s new group is called the **Style Council**, and their first single is called "Speak Like A Child." Actually, the band is just a duo at the moment with Weller and former **Dexy's** keyboardist **Mick Talbot** (**Zeke** of **Orange Juice** made a guest appearance on drums.) Says Weller: "Like Robin Hood, I will be collecting members for the Style Council as I go on my merry way, but for now it's just me and Mick."

"I won't grow up, I don't wanna go to school, just to learn to be a parrot and recite a silly rule..."



Robert Matheu

Neal Preston

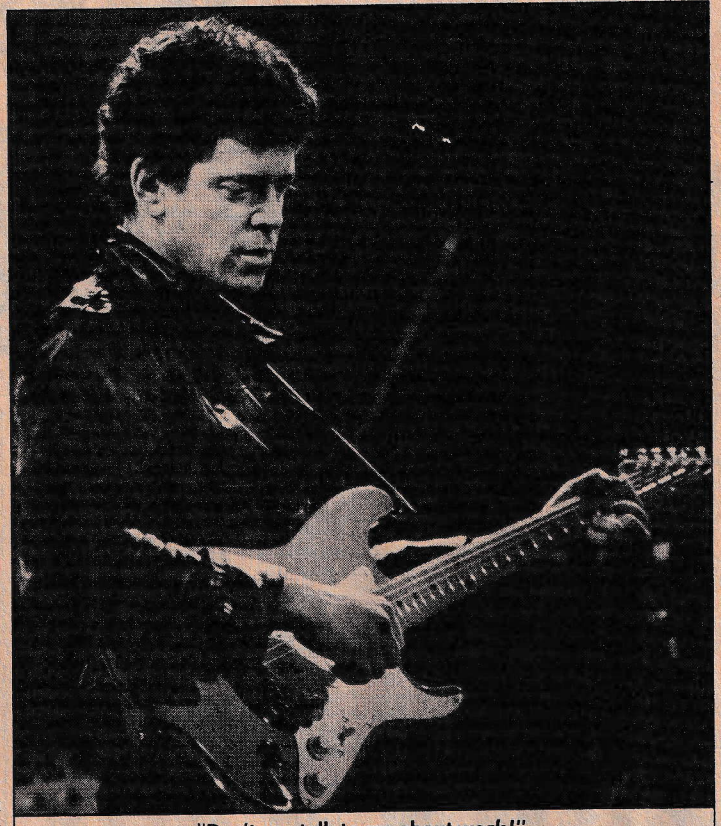
THE BEAT GOES ON™

Don't Trust Anyone Over 60: Lou's 'Last Shot'

NEW YORK—He wore his trademark black leather jacket, and he opened with a fiery "Sweet Jane," but it was a different Lou Reed who performed eight sold-out shows at the Bottom Line in late February, his first live appearances in over two years and his only planned gigs for 1983. (Reed has stressed that he will never tour again, so his February 28th shows were taped for an RCA videodisc to be released this spring.) There was none of the frenetic dancing that made his early '70s tours such a joy. And with the exception of a "Hi, good to see you, here we go" intro, a few "thank you"s and a mention that "Martial Law" is a new song, he didn't speak at all, so there was none of the humorous repartee that has been a part of his act since the Velvet Underground.

Lou, who's dropped a few pounds and appears to be in great health, seemed a bit tense during the Saturday night (Feb. 26th) performance I saw. The nervousness might be attributed to his long absence from the stage (although Billy Altman informs me that Lou always looks nervous when he's playing lead guitar) or perhaps the presence of his parents in the audience at a table with his wife, Sylvia (which made for interesting viewing when he performed a frightening, heavy metalish "Kill Your Sons"—a song that deals with the traumatizing electro-shock therapy his parents had him undergo during a deep adolescent depression). But perhaps it had more to do with Lou's new "Average Guy" stance which he took to a gallant extreme on last year's *The Blue Mask*, finally dropping the "Rock 'N' Roll Animal/fuckin' faggot junkie" persona once and for all. Lou Reed wants to be taken seriously, and it was interesting that he ended his show with the new "The Last Shot," an "Underneath The Bottle" type tune that appears to be anti-drug/anti-alcohol, although its title can also be read metaphorically in relation to his new career direction. What made it especially profound was that the song followed a killer "White Light/White Heat," which the crowd had been screaming for (along with "Heroin") all night long.

Ebet Roberts



"Don't you talk to me about *work!*"

Lou Reed is producing adult rock 'n' roll, something I always thought was a contradiction in terms until now. Despite (or perhaps in light of) the changes, Lou and his band created some of the most intense rock I've heard in years, giving me the same type of head rushes I used to get at rock shows in high school before I grew up and became a jaded jerk. This is the band Reed was born to play with—Fernando Saunders' fretless bass, former Richard Hell/Material drummer Fred Maher's "energy- through- repetition" backbeat, and the legendary-in-his-own-time Robert Quine, who is unquestionably one of our greatest guitarists. Quine, who looks like someone's hip dad in shades, was incredible, bringing even greater magic to some of the old Velvet gems, and when he and Reed joined together for some frenzied dual feedback solos, it was a breath-taking marriage of rock 'n' roll heaven and hell.

In addition to "Kill Your Sons" and "Sweet Jane," Lou performed songs from nearly every phase of his career (excluding the Arista years), including "I'm Waiting For The Man," "Vicious Circle," "Sally Can't Dance," "Women," "Waves Of Fear," "Walk On The Wild Side," "Underneath The Bottle," "New Age," "Average Guy," "Charley's Girl," and "Satellite Of Love." Other new songs, from his just released *Legendary Hearts* LP (which doesn't quite capture the intensity of his live show), included "Betrayed," "Turn Out The Light," "Don't Talk To Me About Work" and "Pow Wow." He wrapped it all up with encore renditions of "Sunday Morning" and a terrific "Rock 'N' Roll" which segued into "Sister Ray," a trio of songs that alone made the trip fo N.Y.C. worthwhile. The choice of material seemed to fit together to make a cohesive statement, and although Lou's evidently found a degree of happiness and a lot of love in his new life, he hasn't repudiated his memory of the demons that were once a primary source of his muse. And in his current state of transcendence, the long-lasting hope is stronger than ever ("If someone like Lou can rise above the horror...") making the stance much more than mere solipsism, as some people have claimed.

I only wish that Lou would occasionally appear in several major cities so everyone could have a chance to see this band (he did follow the Bottom Line gigs with one night at Studio 54, so who knows what may be in store?), and I wish he'd grant a few more interviews. At a time when most of rock's "elder statesmen" have become boring old farts with nothing more relevant to discuss than the ethics of Schlitz or Jovan giving them jets to tour in, 41-year-old Lou Reed is still creating some of today's most relevant and profound rock music. He remains one of the genre's greatest artists.

Bill Holdship

Laurie Paladino

PRIEST FANS BEWARE!

It finally happened! Judas Priest's lead screamer, Rob Halford, has totally "cracked!" He's only got one oar in the lagoon! His porch light is out! He's a log short a cord! He's cuckoo! Loco! *"Teched!"* Off his onion! A chopstick short a meal! *Non compos mentis!* But we have to admit, the man's got a point, as men do. *"All those bloody teenagers who dig me chains and leather,"* he howled, momentarily stopping to wipe the foam from his lips, *"Now they're gonna get what they've been askin' for!"* Hint: he is not talking about retirement.

Man Without A Purpose!

CHITRA, INDIA—*Preee*-senting...the world's *most useless* man!

What? More useless than Ted Knight? Check it out—this guy has remained in the same spot on the road for 22 years! Just lays there! Doesn't stand! Doesn't talk! Rarely eats or "relieves" himself!

The locals call him Mastram Bapu, which he *deserves*. He's been there so long, he's become a tourist attraction. As they say in Chitra, if it doesn't move, worship it!

Hundreds of people from all over India come daily to sit with him. Every once in a great while, he'll accept a little sip of water or take a tiny bite from a Twix bar. Hey, it's a mix!

To answer what I know you're all thinking, the loveable Bapu occasionally "urinates and passes a slight discharge" on his residence. Better than a dishonorable discharge!

The question must be asked: Why? The answer must be spoken: Why not? Maybe he thinks he's a bus stop for the dead!

Rick Johnson

Trio: Reasons To Be Cheerful

NEW YORK—"Honestly, I had no idea that people take this so funny," deadpans Trio's tall, lanky, mournful-looking vocalist, Stefan Remmler. Remmler, whose fuzz-cropped hairstyle on a thin, oval face makes him resemble a kindly hound, is referring to Trio's million-selling international hit, "Da Da Da (I Don't Love You, You Don't Love Me)." The lyrics say exactly that, with variations, sung in a monotone and embellished primarily by the beeps and squeaks of a Casio rhythm machine. The total effect mimics the lunacy of typical up-and-down, utterly frustrating relationships, and is probably why the song has had such a universal appeal.

Trio are the latest of Germany's few artists who can transcend Teutonic taste. But far from antecedents such as Kraftwerk, Trio's method of delivery is closer to "the little engine that could" than the Trans-Europe Express. "We're not an electronic-based band," Stefan points out, as he tucks

Trio are the cutest thing since cluster headaches.

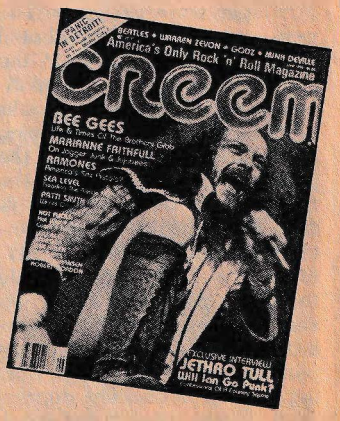
into lunch and a Heineken. "It's more that I play with a keyboard sometime. I wouldn't call myself a keyboarder or electronicer (sic)." What does ring Stefan's chimes far more than technical overload are songs like "Louie Louie" and "Hang On Sloopy"—tunes that have no words over two syllables. "I love lyrics like 'Tea for two and two for tea; me for you and you for me.' What else better can you add to this? It's beautiful," Stefan smiles broadly.

Yet uncomplicated words are not necessarily stupid ones, a fact that Trio consistently keeps uppermost in their minds. Stefan and his cohorts, drummer Peter Behrens and guitarist "Kralle" Krawinkle wouldn't have been able to create the pure prose of "Ja Ja Ja" (Yes Yes Yes) or "Anna (Let Me In, Let Me Out)" if they hadn't first understood the real meaning of clutter. (You know clutter—those pain-inducing 20 minute guitar solos by amphetamined jerks who should have the strings wrapped around their necks.)

Growing up in the small coastal city of Bremerhaven, Remmler got his musical awakening from, of all places, the American Forces Network. "When I was a little boy, I put my alarm clock on one hour earlier, so before school time, I could listen to the country and western hit parade, or Tommy Roe, or whatever was on. It was a great influence." Considering that, as Stefan puts it, "after the war, the whole culture started at zero," young Germans found that they wanted to emulate the English-speaking rock of America and the U.K. In fact, he believes, "it makes sense that it took so long until you had German rock 'n' roll, and not just the same thing that Chuck Berry does with German lyrics." But while Kraftwerk, in Dusseldorf, and the media centers of Hamburg and Berlin introduced new trends, Remmler and his chums were learning as much from the Marx Brothers or W.C. Fields as from Elvis Presley and the Beatles.

"The guitarist and I knew each other from school days, where we had a band together, copying the Rolling Stones. The drummer got together with us three years ago. In those days, we were still trying to get

5 Years Ago



Shame On That Loon

When **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** played France a few months back, they jammed with the **Rolling Stones**. Guitarist **Drew Abbott** said they had a good session with the boys, but "I had a time keeping **Jagger** away from my girlfriend."

BOB

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BY TIMOTHY WHITE

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a band together, with a second guitarist or a keyboarder, and a bassman, of course. And it was only during the process of rehearsing, we always found that the demos of the three of us were much more exciting than when the bassman was on it! So it took some time for us to make that step in the head: why do we keep on searching for others? Let's keep it the three of us and call ourselves Trio."

Complementing the band's audacious name was an equally bold way of creating music, which—depending on how far one's definition of a song stretches—is either a very bad joke or a deliciously entertaining removal of pretensions. "It was only just before Trio was founded," admits Stefan, "when we realized that loving Jimi Hendrix and Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones did not mean that we want to sound like them. So we kicked out the cliches, which are not cliches if Jimi Hendrix does it, but are cliches if we would do it. And that left a stripped down to the bone essence of rock 'n' roll being freed of clothes that belong to other persons."

One very special person who doesn't object to Trio's lack of a bassist is a man with quite a reputation on that instrument—session man/Visual artist/producer Klaus Voorman. A gentle-voiced, silver-bearded man who spent most of the past 10 years as part of an inner circle comprised of folks like Lennon, Harrison, Starr, Carly Simon and Harry Nilsson, Voorman heard a Trio demo tape and responded to it immediately. At the time ready to get out of Los Angeles anyway, Klaus relocated back to Germany and produced Trio's EP, becoming their chief guidance counselor and troubleshooter.

"Klaus doesn't say much" says Stefan, looking Voorman straight in the eye, "but if he says something, it's very well accepted by us." "I do think," muses Voorman, "they actually respect when I say, 'Look, that's bullshit. Forget about that part.' " "You wouldn't dare say to me, 'This is bullshit,' would you?" responds Stefan defiantly. Klaus is silent for a very long moment, and we all get nervous. "See, I don't have to answer," Voorman finally jests. Oh, as in "speak softly and carry a big stick," I blurt, not realizing they are totally unfamiliar with the motto. Hysteria ensures. Obviously, Trio has connected with one more Americanism in a chuckle of understanding.

Toby Goldstein

Joseph Stevens

Shriekback sez: "Our music will never leave you *board!*"

Shriekback (In The Night)

NEW YORK—Shriekback is a band of Brits with some interesting pedigrees. Bassist Dave Allen was in the Gang Of Four, until the day he decided, in the middle of a big American tour, that he couldn't take it anymore and got on a plane for home.

"I just got really fed up with touring," Allen now explains about that episode, "and I had said before that I would leave, and I was sort of persuaded to do another tour. It was a really bad move to leave them halfway through a tour, I realize that now, but at the time it seemed like the only thing to do. It was like, I had to leave that band, and here's a good way of getting out of it, go with a bang and then it's done and finished."

Keyboardist/vocalist Barry Andrews had slipped much more quietly out of the very interesting XTC, and had then played with Fripp in the League of Gentlemen. Guitarist/vocalist Carl Marsh crashed down from an obscure London band called Out On Blue Six.

They found each other. They made some records. "Sexthinkone" and "My Spine Is The Bass Line" were intriguing tasters.

A new album, *Care*, of which I've heard only rough mixes, shows a group busily defining a sound and pushing against the edges of that definition. And their current tour, with help from percussionist Pedro Ortiz and drummer Martyn Barker, shows a group backing up its previous fancy talk about developing "new attitudes" towards live playing with a really engaging openness.

Too much of what Shriekback record is arty throwaways, "experimental" tracks that end up sounding odd for odd's sake. But their better songs reveal a twisted, dreamy kind of sound, simultaneously relaxed and full of strain, not funk but heavily steeped in its influence—actually a modern kind of "head music." A lot of people dismiss them on first hearing as another band of white boys trying to be funky and moody and deep.

I almost would have gone along with that easy assessment if I hadn't witnessed the band play, as their New York debut, an extraordinary gig. On record, Shriekback have a tendency to sound introspective and mannered. But live, at least this night, they were unusually invigorating and communicative.

The next day we talk about what happened, try to take it apart.

Andrews: "Last night was a total vindication of the approach we've taken. There are times when you lose it and just get back into your shell, doing the rock-musician-on-stage kind of thing. And there are times, like last night, when I felt like the audience was reacting to everything I did. Beyond the evaluative thing, it really seemed like there was some kind of to and fro."

"I'd say if it's going to be, to really let go of the 'keep away from me while I'm doing my thing' kind of attitude."

Shriekback's best music takes a funk influence, but applies it to a more circular, almost convoluted structure. It's certainly got a personality of its own.

"The way I play, I've always come from that area," says Dave Allen. "That heavy sharp sound, which oddly enough seemed to come out right about the time I was playing. The Gang Of Four was very heavy,

DUET FEVER STRIKES AGAIN!

OK, this duet singing has gotten completely out of hand! As if Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes wasn't embarrassing enough! Or how about Kenny Rogers and Sheena Easton?! Patti Austin and James Ingram! Rússy Mael and Jane Wiedlin! Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson! *Dolly Parton* and Willie Nelson! *The Thompson Twins!* But as we all know, *nothing* is *ever* enough for Stiv Bator! Thus, the new version of "My Way," by Frank Sinatra and Mr. Bator himself! Funny though we'd almost *swear* that Stiv's part was surreptitiously *added* to the original! At least, we don't remember the part about flea collars and Richard Riegel!

Robert Matheu

but toppy and edgy, with big gaps. Which is how the black players have come out. They were doing it all the time, but people have just discovered it. I can't do it like they do it. It's my style of bass playing. We're not trying to take a Stanley Clarke type of jazz-funk and put it behind Shriekback. It's just our interpretation of that."

Andrews: "Funk's a real mask for us. Like 'Spine,' the whole production of it, it's a real plastic-like thing. And underneath it is what you'd call 'weird shit,' rather than 'yeah, what we're about is swinging out on funk.' That's not what we do. It's very slow and awkward and quiet. Moody, doomy."

Ah, those two words which are the bane of post-punk English rock. But Shriekback, I'll say in their defense, are never really "doomy." They lack that awful chip-on-the-shoulder feeling.

Andrews: "It's difficult to say. Whatever we put out has the focussed-ness of something like 'Spine,' it has an atmosphere, it has a certain smell to it.

"I'd feel more comfortable if there was an overall thing that we could say, that Shriekback is this. So that part of my life would be Shriekback and I wouldn't have to think about it anymore. But it's actually become this thing through which we express our lives. It seems that every record is another little bit of it. Oh, here's the dark heavy one, and here's the shiny chrome one.

"It's also harder because the whole marketing thing usually has to come around an image. When we last had a spate of press, what seemed to be emerging was some kind of health-and-efficiency, vaguely hippy kind of independent-label-worthy, 'we've suffered and been through it all and now we're not going to make the same mistakes' kind of thing. And it's like, *damn*, I don't want to be that."

That's much heavier and duller than you are.

"And yet if it were possible to encapsulate it in something like psychedelic flamingo bright colors, it would be great. Thinking man's funk, all that."

At the start, did you know what you wanted to do?

"There was nothing, really, except a vague area of agreement that, 'yeah, we like records like that.' And not even all of *those*. And having a situation that needed a record to fill it up, there emerged this group style and group way of working, and all the rest of it came from actually *doing* it, rather than from sitting down and getting out the game plan.

"I remember feeling quite insecure that we had no master plan to start, that we should be able to burst into interviews and say, '*right*, this is what we're going to do.' But really, what happened is what usually happens anyway. Anyone who gives you a manifesto is..."

Making it up.

"Yeah. Or, as in Fripp's case, using it to explain something that you've already done."

There is room in rock's rich rug for more sounds skewed enough to make a difference. Shriekback could weave in a place for themselves. Regard that as less than a promise but more than a possibility.

Richard Grabel

Courtesy Of Ft. Lauderdale Chamber Of Commerce

FT. LAUDERDALE—Officials in this charming resort town have come up with a most efficient way to handle Florida's most pressing crime problem. Are we talking about dope smuggling? Illegal aliens? Videotapes of old Doors shows?

No! Seems the crime wave in these parts consists of bums grubbing chow from local garbage cans. Anxious to forestall a possible St. Valentine's Day Pig-Out, residential deep-thinkers have proposed spraying the town's Heftys with "toxic chemicals." How in the world the bums could tell the difference when they're scarfing a three-day-old Whopper wasn't made clear.

Nevertheless, the really serious adults who govern this beach Bowery are determined to carry out their plan. "The only way to get rid of roaches or other vermin in the house is to get rid of their food supply," said one two-fisted Commissioner. To which the mayor added: "If I found anybody crawling in my garbage cans, I would spray them." Kinda makes you wonder what the pissed-off exec would spray them *with* if he was out of Bum-B-Gone.

Although no response from local bums was immediate, they're probably just as glad to be getting some help in kicking the junk food habit.

J. Kordosh

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"Oh, about this long! Why?"

LITTLE STEVEN & THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL:

FROM MIAMI TO THE HALLELUJAH TRAIL!

"Are we *clean*?"

by Bill Holdship

Like most good disciples, Little Steven and the Disciples Of Soul have several important missions to accomplish on earth, and one of these is to update the rock 'n' roll lifestyle for the 1980s.

In their gypsy/outlaw gear (an assortment of bandannas, headbands, earrings and long black raincoats with the band's insignia on the back), the Disciples look more like a gang of New York street thugs than they do professional musicians, so it's hilarious to see the bewildered glances they receive from the clientele at Dearborn's Hyatt Regency Hotel, where I'm first introduced to this motley crew. Obviously the guests at this elite Michigan inn aren't used to the odd sight of, among other things, a black man with a peroxided Mohawk haircut, and they certainly must associate these characters with all the dark things they've heard about rock 'n' roll—drugs, violence and "God, imagine what must go on in their hotel rooms!"

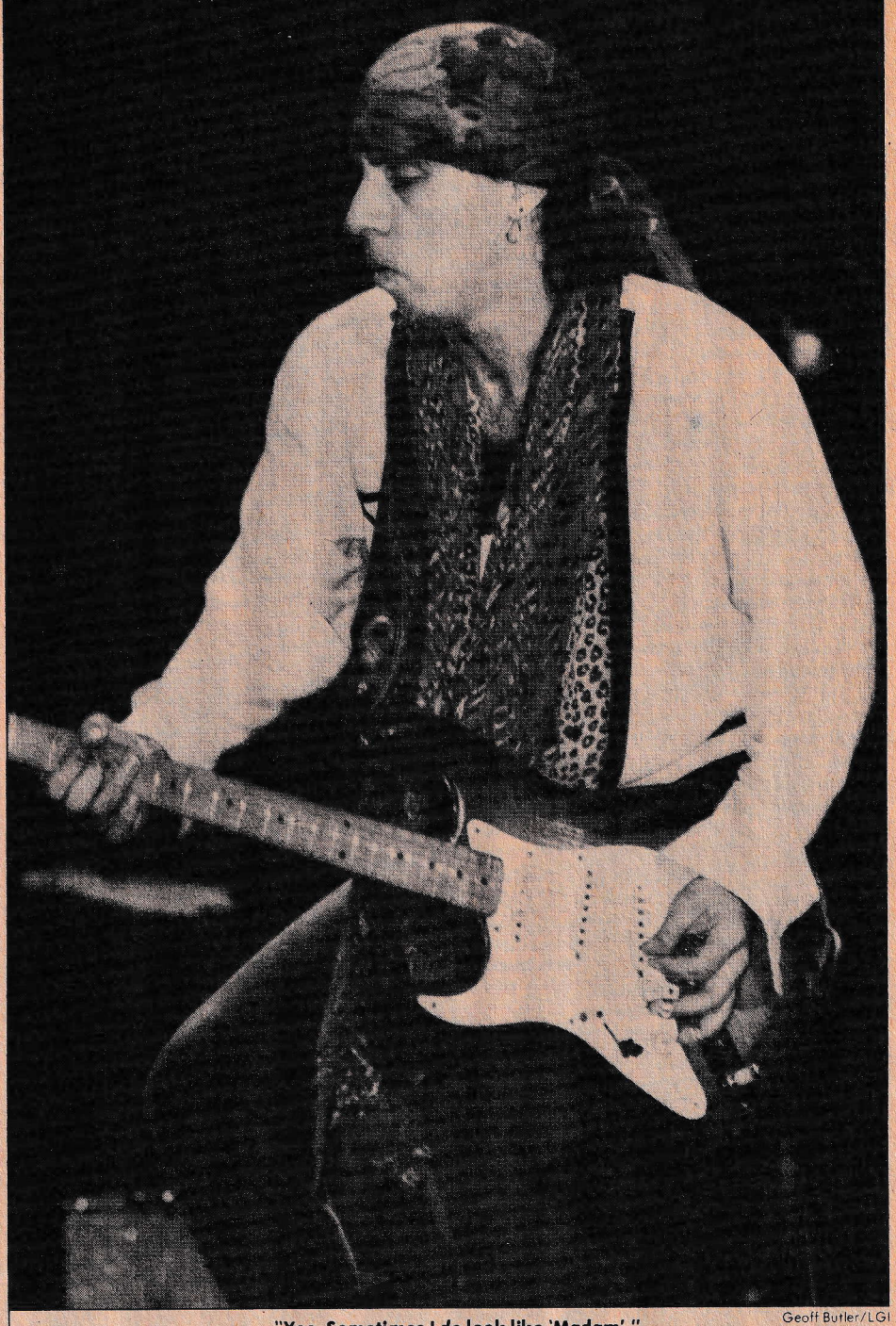
The Hyatt guests would probably be even more bewildered if they knew that the entire band and crew adhere to a policy of "no smoking/no drugs/no alcohol" on the road, and that they spend several hours a day going through a rigorous, mandatory excercise program on a portable gym that conveniently fits in one of the tour buses. All of which sounds fine and dandy, but as anyone familiar with the archetypal Keith Richards image might ask: is this rock 'n' roll?

"Well, it's the rock 'n' roll of the '80s," explains Steve Van Zandt (alias Little Steven; alias Miami Steve), the mastermind behind this subversive plot. Van Zandt is sitting in the back of the band's bus, slouched across a couch in a manner that an ex-girlfriend of mine once called "adolescent." (He *does* sing "I will never grow up" on the title track on his debut LP.) His gypsy style and droopy, puppy dog eyes make him alternately look like a swashbuckler and a little kid—a perfect visual complement to his philosophies on life and work, which combine stoicism with a naive idealism.

"Instead of a drug connection, we have our trainer and portable gym," he continues. "I feel it's essential. It's not a fad or a temporary diversion from drinking too much or anything like that because it's absolutely replaced those things. No one can give a hundred percent if they're not in shape, and that's what we're interested in right now—giving a hundred percent all the time. It's the difference between the old school and the new one, and I think audiences are going to start to discern the difference between people who are dissipated and those who aren't. And it *is* a rebellious type of thing. I personally found it very easy to stop doing drugs once the teachers, policemen and lawyers started doing them. Once they started getting high, it was very easy for me, being rebellious, to get straight! These days if kids are getting high, they're just imitating their parents, aren't they? So it's definitely gonna change.

"The old stereotype of rock was very tied with all the excesses of show business—drugs, excessive drinking, having to screw everyone you laid your eyes on. That's not it anymore—at least not for us, and I think there are a lot of other people around who are going to be surfacing. Rock 'n' roll is more than entertainment. I think it should be integrated with life. What we are onstage is what we are offstage as well, and it shouldn't be that old celebrity thing where you're untouchable, doing something that the audience could never do. That's just not healthy! I want the audience to take the show home with them, and see that we do a job just like they do a job and maybe they can apply some of that to their lives. Maybe it can motivate them in some way to work a little harder, to do something to help themselves, or whatever form it might take. It's an inspirational thing. It happened to me, you know, and I hope it will now start to happen again for others."

For those who lead a hermitic existence, it might be necessary to note that Van Zandt is probably best known as Miami Steve, the guitarist and right hand man in Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band since 1975. Prior to his E Street gig, Van Zandt was the founding member of the Asbury Jukes, a band he continued to produce and compose for until they went their own



photos by Michael N. Marks

"Yes. Sometimes I *do* look like 'Madam'." Geoff Butler/LGI

> ***"Once the police started getting high, it was very easy for me to get straight."***

way in 1979. Anyone fortunate enough to hear Van Zandt's work with the Jukes already knows that the man is a major musical talent. "I Don't Want To Go Home" was one of the most wonderful songs of the '70s, while *Hearts Of Stone* was one of the decade's most beautiful "brokenheart" albums.

Van Zandt assembled the Disciples Of Soul last year after several EMI executives proposed he record a solo LP. The band is basically an extension of what he tried to accomplish with the Jukes, as well as on the two LPs he's produced for Gary U.S. Bonds, and that is a synthesis of contemporary rock and pop with the classic R&B sounds of the 1960s. Robert Christgau recently wrote in the *Village Voice* that black music is *the* relevant music of the '80s, and that may well be true in the major ethnic melting pot that is New York City. But in the American heartlands where black music is still often viewed in the most grotesque racist terms by white rock fans and where something like "The Message" is still often equated with a "disco sucks" attitude, the Disciples' debut LP, *Men Without Women* (the title's from an Ernest Hemingway book), seems to be the most logical step in educating the ignorant: blacks and whites together playing a musical blend of black and white styles that display how it all fits together. It's sort of an American equivalent of the British 2-tone movement.

"The single thing that angers me the most about radio today is that it's not raceless." Van Zandt is clearly agitated. "We had a lot of trouble with Bonds because he's too white for black radio and too black for white radio. I get tired of hearing this because that hybrid of black and white is the only type of music I really like. Everything's gotten very categorized—you have to have a certain beat to be on black radio and you almost never hear blacks on rock stations. You're hearing that one Michael Jackson song with Eddie Van Halen, but that's a joke. That ain't gonna last because it's just a token situation. Unfortunately, I don't really see things changing unless someone does a KROQ (one of the first U.S. stations to program "new" music) sort of thing with black and white radio. If you look at a radio station's record library, there's so much to play—it's amazing how many good things there are. And what they end up playing is extraordinary! It seems to me they really have to look hard to find the mediocre, emotionless pap they've been peddling for the last 10 years!

"AM radio is the only small democracy left—where you can hear a country song followed by a black song. Unfortunately, the output isn't nearly as good right now as it was in the '60s. The '60s was the only time when the best music ever made was also the most popular, so we got spoiled growing up then. But I, of course, keep hoping that it will come back again."

Hope appears to be one of the key words in Van Zandt's vocabulary, and it's a word that's tied in with his idea of rock 'n' roll being more than mere entertainment. To borrow a phrase coined by his pal Bruce, Van Zandt is another "prisoner of rock 'n' roll" (who else do you know had their marriage performed by the Reverend Little Richard?), and like Springsteen, he

Steven Stone

Steve sees Boy George in the crowd!!

Michael N. Marks

"Puppy dog eyes? I like to think sultry..."

"Dammit, Jean! If I told you once, I told you a thousand times—we're not gonna blow up no cars!!"

Geoff Butler/LGI

uses the music as an expression of hope and personal salvation. On compositions like "Inside Of Me" and "Until The Good Is Gone," Van Zandt seems to view the music in almost religious terms. In fact, the name "Disciples" has definite religious connotations.

"The passion of soul music came out of the church," he explains, "and that particular passion is still in a straight line. First, it was gospel in the church, and then it took on a romantic quality in the '60s. The same passion that was once for God was transferred to women or relationships. The whole Motown thing was based on that emotional gospel thing, only in a romantic setting. And now we're hopefully evolving it to the next step which is an emotional commitment to humanity in general."

But isn't he a bit worried about being labeled naive in light of the "rock is dead" critical attitude that's grown prevalent during the last several years?

"That's absurd! People have been telling me that my whole life. I think people are a little afraid of the power of rock 'n' roll. It's a powerful form of communication, and I especially noticed it when we recently took the band to Germany. We played to 8,000 people who didn't understand a word I said, had never heard the songs before, and they still went crazy. That's a real direct communication, something that even governments and religion can't accomplish. Rock 'n' roll's not going away. It's going to be bigger than ever, I think. It's going to be important again. It's been irrelevant for so many years that it's time for it to change again."

Although his lyrics are subtler than those of someone like Joe Strummer, Van Zandt also views rock in political terms, since the very idea of hope and rock salvation in '83 seems to be a bit of a political statement in itself.

"I think that rock 'n' roll is inherently political because it suggests an individual freedom. I find that no matter what you're saying in the lyrics, it's saying something political because a basic sense of freedom is being expressed, and there's something revolutionary in that. That's why they've always been a bit nervous about rock in iron curtain countries. But 'Lyin' In A Bed Of Fire' is specifically political. That and 'Under The Gun' were the two songs that I looked outside rather than inside to write. I actually wanted my first record to satisfy the inside things first—saying who I was and what I believed in. Having done that, I just decided to look around for the last few songs.

"I think we're losing America. America is for the first time starting to lose its identity. I just see apathy all around, and the hope we had in the '60s—that we were going to change the world—is gone. It just seems like all we learned was how to get high and go into a coma in the end. We've either given up or gotten too comfortable. People no longer feel they have control of their destinies, and there's terrible frustration, so there's no reason to hope or dream. But we've got to regain that control, and go out there and change something—starting with our own lives, of course. And that's probably the main theme of the album."

Although the LP deals with the themes

of motivation, discipline and strength under pressure, there's a lot of romantic vulnerability displayed as well, something that seems inevitable when a person exposes as much of their inner self as Van Zandt does in his lyrics. The vulnerability, while not a weakness (though some would interpret it as such), almost seems at odds with the Disciples' tough street image and Van Zandt's stoic beliefs, but he feels that the two actually go hand-in-hand.

"I wrote the entire LP around 'Save Me' and 'Inside Of Me.' Those are the two it was built on. 'Inside Of Me' is about strength, and 'Save Me' is about vulnerability. The rest of the album falls into those two categories. Those two themes run throughout, and they're actually the yin and yang of what's inside everyone. I think it's important for everyone to recognize that, because you'd be a liar if you said you never feel vulnerable."

While he claims that Springsteen is very supportive of outside projects by E Street members, one of the reasons he chose the name Little Steven (in addition to it sounding like the moniker of an old blues singer) was to disassociate himself from the Springsteen connection. "Miami Steve is associated with Bruce exclusively. I was doing something quite apart from that, and I wanted to avoid exploiting my friend. Also it helped Miami Steve as a producer because even though Miami and Little Steven are both me, it was nice to be able to separate and say, 'OK, I can see Little Steven. This is his identity.' And that's the most important thing for a producer."

It would seem that between the Disciples, the E Street Band, a new marriage and outside producing chores, Van Zandt might be spreading himself a little thin. "Unfortunately, I can't spread myself too thin because I'm too committed to whatever I'm doing at the time. But what happens is I'm stacked up for a few years. That's just fine, because you wait so many years just to be able to work. I feel for everyone who's out of work right now, because I was unemployed for 25 years and it's a real drag. So when I finally get to the point where I can work, I don't want to stop now."

So if the Disciples took off really big, would he consider leaving the E Street Band?

"Well, it's got nothing to do with how big it gets. At the moment I'm trying to figure these things out and schedule myself in every sense. I'm trying to work it out, but it is possible in the long run. From the time I began this record, I knew I was adding a new first priority in my life, inevitably meaning that the E Street Band would no longer come first. At the moment, it looks like things are going to work out this year. My tour will be over by summer, so I'll be able to go on the road with Bruce then. But it's going to get more and more difficult I know, so it's something I have to work out."

☆☆☆

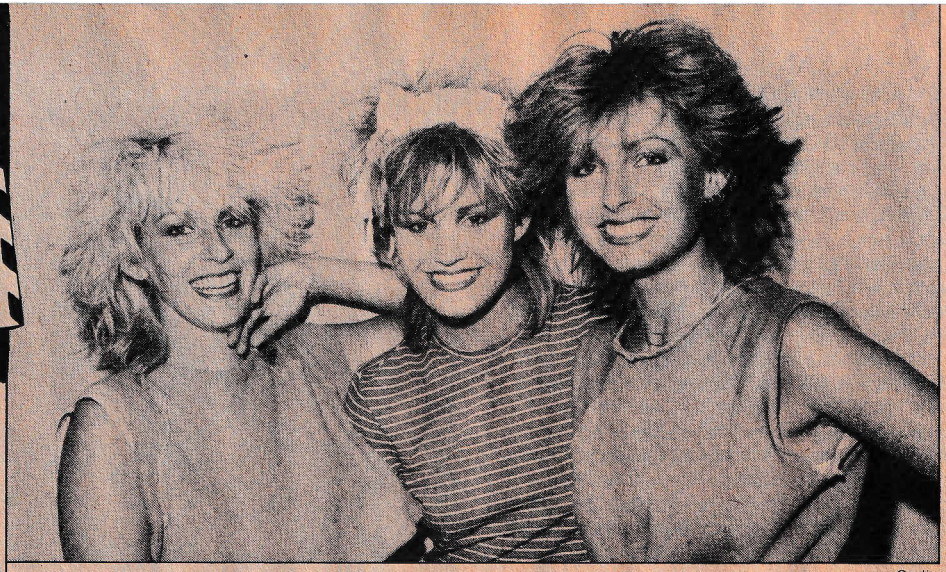
The Disciples are performing tonight at Detroit's St. Andrew's Hall, an enviroment reminiscent of the legendary '60s Grande Ballroom. Despite a faulty PA, the band's sound is faithful to what they put on vinyl—which makes sense, as *Men With-*

TURN TO PAGE 60

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

POLLS, ROSES and ROLES

by Cynthia Rose



We're so clean...we *squeak!* Godlis

Now that even the *NME*'s publishing house plans to muscle in on the teenie-trendie circulation success of *Smash Hits* with its own lyrics/pinups/gossip glossy weekly, image-mongering may well become Britain's next nationalized industry. This embryonic mag for yer fad-mad little bro and sis is to be aimed at advertisers serving a 12-19 year-old market. And it's already been dubbed *Number 1*: a reflection of its publishers' concern that "the action remain chart-orientated."

Where is the action? Well—in a country so small that *two* spins of a platter by Someone at Radio One ensures said disc a spot up in the top two-thirds of our Hot Hundred, the real action's often a scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours. This is our new act: cover it! This is our new club: plug the address! These are our new clothes: here are the pix! It's a great little record: take my word for it!

A sixth rock style weekly (we've had *The Face*, *Smash Hits*, *New Sounds, New Styles*, *Flexipop* and *Blitz*) scrambling to second-guess its public fills those pages but empties the heart. Whole movements are being typeset into reality—and whole realities held at bay by miles of hyperventilating lineage. And, traditionally, the only absolute intersection the two are guaranteed to enjoy is provided by those sacred barometers of public opinion, the charts and the Reader's Poll.

In the *NME* (and on most high streets, actually), Paul Weller and his now busted-up band continue to dominate such devices, as People the Entire History of Rock Would Currently Most Seem Unthinkable Without. Weller is Best-Dressed and Best-Coiffed, as well as author of the year's fave LP and rave single—he's the Most Wonderful Human Being almost every vote-scribbler has been able to call to mind for the past *four years*. Bearing in mind the effects similar deification hath wrought on others, what's Weller actually up to now that the Jam are merely an endless series of memorial clips on TV? Quite a lot, actually. His romantic and personable single as part of The Style Council ("Speak Like a Child") looks headed straight for mega-success and meanwhile he's also signed a few new acts to his Respond label: ex-hairdresser Vaughan Toulouse (of Department S fame), chanteuse Tracy and warm new soul set The Question.

He's even taken a tentative set as entrepreneur within London's club circuit—attempting a Sunday afternoon youth venue at Action Space in Chenies Street, central London (a well-meaningly militant site which has hosted a myriad of activities, none particularly trendy). Weller's first Sundays (a big success) lacked any liquor license—so the headiest intoxicant available was Bananarama, guesting in support with a special scratch mix of their robotically hypnotic Top 20, "Na Na Hey Hey."

Without ever appearing *desperate* to sing-and-be-seen (*a la* Belle Stars), Bananarama are likely to turn out better stayers than even a putative supergroup combining the throats and torsos of poll-toppers like Alf, Tracey Thorn and Carmel. Why? All you need to do is scan the crowds in any boutique, at any gig, in almost *any* city. That clean-cut bushy blondeness abounds as an influence. Fashion spreads, favorite-food time, stars at home? The B-3 girls are there every time, with a large slice of the nation's womanhood close behind—humming "Na Na" and ticking them off in polls as "Best Dressed." (Two up, as it happens, from Princess Di, who also favours skirts, smiles and pastels over heavy punk or le tough chic.) This sort of shift—towards the "fresh," streamlined, uncomplicated and clearly saleable—is personified best by the Top Ten success of the transmogrified Thompson Twins. On the eve of their inevitable trip to New York, there are two poles of opinion about the tactics that got "Love On Your Side" into the charts. One (record buyer): "I went through a real sort of Thompson Twins stage; used to see 'em everytime they played. I'd been reading about them and thinking *what* a stupid name and then they came to Exeter where I was living then and the concert they gave that night was just amazing. But I saw them on telly the other day and it was really awful—they've just lost all their warmth and humor."

The flip side can be had from a record "critic": "From fringe to forefront, their rise has been too typical for words, but I make no excuse for preferring their new, clean lines to the 'radical' cacaphony of yore."

A lot of ex-Thompsonites cite the departure of dismissed sax player Jane Shorter for the wider musical embrace of Orcestra Jazira as the origin of their disillusionment. And indeed, ignore the merchandising for the music, and the Twins' sets soon pale beside real comers such as The Style Council or Roman Holliday—a beat band who transmuted one gig for a Soho niterie into a promising EP (*Stand By* on Jive). Now dispensing their natty, John Peel-plugged sound—a snappy swing which owes more than a tip of the hat to Louis Jourdan's '40s—from a fortnightly residency at the Whisky Jive in Wardour St., Roman Holliday have added credibility as well as solid support to dates by the Clash, Culture Club and Mari Wilson.

Roman Holliday stand out partly because so many Great Pretenders abound in the media-stoked stakes to locate "the" top dancefloor funksters favored by white nightclubbing types. Just now the prime candidates for such dubious honors are Allez Allez, the "new" Pigbag (they've added a singer, Angela Jaeger, as showcased on their Y LP *Lend An Ear*), and Animal Nightlife. It's more than coincidence that female frontwomen feature in each of these outfits;media darlings they may have made Animal Nightlife and Allez Allez, but neither has done very well at

TURN TO PAGE 64

Wow—Mari Wilson's beehive has *grown a body!*

Zbysiu Rodak

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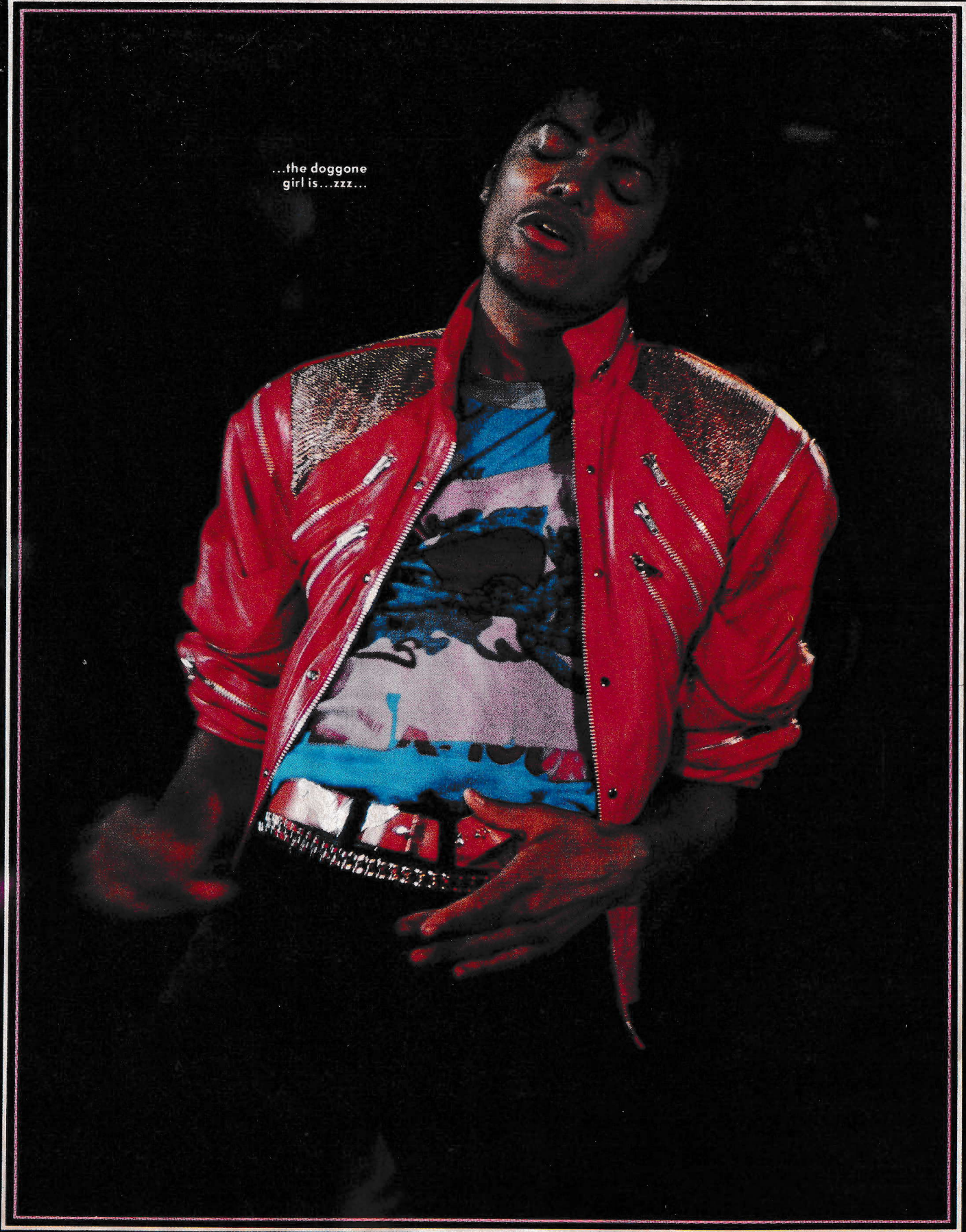
NO ANGEL, BUT NO OSMOND EITHER



by Sylvie Simmons

Downtown between the Pacific American Fish Co. and the Hotel St. Agnes Hospitality Kitchen there's an alley. Cars block each end, no escape. And silhouetted in the car headlights, two rival L.A. gangs are swaggering towards each other. A couple of people pop their heads out of the hotel window, mutter something incomprehensible and go back to sleep. Down below in the smoke, the gangs are getting closer.

Then out of the corner of your eye you spot a lot of people standing around with cameras. What's this? Have they started putting the Pacific American Fish Co. on those maps they give Japanese tourists? You know, Disneyland, Marineland, Gangland? Then you notice the movie cameras half hidden in the smoke. Ah, I've got it. A sequence for *That's Incredible,* right? *Okay, Skip, you're going to tell us about real people who beat the shit out of each other EVERY DAY!* I can see them now, miking up the bodies, tapping them with rubber sticks for the soundcheck—*hey, Joe, a little more middle on the ribs please! we're getting awful feedback on those kneebones...*

I wouldn't want to mess with this bunch. Those gangs look mean. Those Cripps, the ones with the blue bandannas, look *really* mean, slapping their fists in their hands and scowling and getting closer and—*CUT! Okay, back to your places. Excuse me? EXCUSE ME? Thugs on the left? You sir, a teeeeeensy bit more knuckle-cracking. Perfect. ACTION!*—someone switches on a tape machine and a bit of "Beat It" blares out into the night. A woman bawls something rude off a balcony. The man with the Jordache look and a can of instant atmosphere ignores it and puffs some more into the alley. The gangs start swaggering towards each other once again.

"Magic," says Michael Jackson, who talks a lot about magic, "is easy if you put your heart into it." There can't be that many things much more magic than standing around in downtown L.A. in the middle of the night watching marauding hordes stand to attention when someone with a fruity English accent gives the command. This particular bit of sorcery will, by the time you read this, be the video for "Beat It," Michael Jackson's new single. You know, the one with the Eddie Van Halen guitar on it. The follow-up to the one about paternity suits. This one's about machismo; so's the video. Michael wakes up in some sleazy downtown bedroom in a cold sweat; he's had a dream about the upcoming punch-up and has to go stop it. He leaps out of bed, seriously endangering the lives of a whole family of cockroaches, and heads downtown to the Empty Food Warehouse for the grand finale.

Which is where we're heading now; the film crew, the Japanese tourists, the Fruity English accents, the Rival Gangs and the Stars. Everyone's there; even the cockroaches. Someone's escorting us through the cardboard boxes and the cartons and explaining how Michael's going to meet up with the gangs right here for some killer choreography—*"It's difficult to look at cartons and be creative"*—and it looked great in rehearsal. *Apocalypse Now* between

Michael N. Marks

Chris Walter

Hi! Just call me Michaelangelo Leonardo L'Artiste Jackson—square biz, jack.

the liquid shortening and stuffed Spanish olives.

But first, they've got to shoot the gangs leaping out from behind the boxes looking mean. They do this several million times, the gangs (favored fashion for punch-ups: black shades, tennis shoes, bandannas, woolly hats) looking meaner by the take. Just as they're getting it right, they have to stop filming while a freight train comes through. Time for a tea break. They've got tables filled with food outside (favored gangland food: fruit salad, soft drinks—after all, the video's being done by the people who did the Dr. Pepper commercials)and beverages. Gives a whole new meaning to coffee *mug.* The gangs queue up in neat little lines and chat over the buffet. Nice civilized folks; one of them told me he was only a *temporary* member; he really wants to be an actor; another one swore they were the real thing, showed me scars and reckoned they were paid more tonight as extras than in a good night's street crime.

Back in the warehouse they're doing the choreographed fight sequence. The real gang members stand on the edges while a dozen or so imitation gang members, professional dancers, dance and wave knives. It looks perfect first time, but they make them do it again and again.

All this time, a thin, long-fingered man in a brown leather jacket too big for him, is sipping orange juice, gazing wide-eyed and

When you're a Jet You're a Jet all the way, from your first cigarette to your last dyin' day... Chris Walter

curious at the dancers and the monitors, nodding his head soberly in time to the music, his foot on automatic tap. Michael Jackson looks fascinated by the whole thing.

It's three in the morning before he gets his go. He's to come in, break up the fight and lead them dancing out of a warehouse. Pied Piper meets Peter Pan. Dawn was breaking by the time they finished; Michael Jackson wasn't. He's brilliant.

Where the man gets his energy from no one knows. It's certainly not drugs—he doesn't touch them and rarely drinks. It's certainly not raw meat—Michael's a strict vegetarian and wouldn't eat at all, given an alternative; he fasts and dances every Sunday and manages to live to start another week. Whatever, Michael Jackson manages to do more in a week than most manage in a decade. In the time it took Supertramp to get the right piano sound, Michael sang harmonies with Donna Summer, backing vocals with Joe King Carrasco (happened to be on the next studio at the time and was happy to oblige, once he translated it from Texan), wrote and produced "Muscles" for Diana Ross, wrote and sang "The Girl Is Mine" with Paul McCartney, and did a song for a narrated the *E.T.* album, gathered together everyone from Vincent Price to Eddie Van Halen ("Eddie was a great choice, because he's *brilliant*") to help out with his solo album, and still had time for his pet llama, snake and parrots.

Just back from England (a couple more tunes with Macca, whom he met at a Hollywood cocktail party at silent comedian Harold Lloyd's place and swapped phone numbers: "I love Paul, Linda and family *very* much."), he's already planning projects with Gladys Knight, Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, Katherine Hepburn, and—let's stick with the girls!—Freddie Mercury of Queen, his old pal. No to mention working on a film with Steven Spielberg ("a futuristic fantasy with music") and an album with the Jacksons. Remember the Jacksons? Michael's been their singer and choreographer ever since his dad Joe Jackson—one-time head of a Chuck Berry cover band in Indiana, the Falcons—noticed the five-year-old's nifty James Brown impersonations. I mean, he was *11 years old* when he had his first number one single...!

It's a mystery to Michael too. "Magic." The songs, ideas, energy come from God, he reckons—the man's a devoted Jehovah's Witness. He'll just wake up in the night and there they are. Several more million sellers. His first solo album, *Off The Wall*, sold seven million copies. *Thriller*'s not exactly ready for the cut-out bins yet. The first act in history, no less, to top the pop and r&b singles and albums charts all at the same time...

We didn't get to talk at the video. The Man at Epic threatened me with all sorts of violence if I approached Jackson during the shooting, and with those Cripps backing him up, who's arguing? Seems during an earlier take a pressperson said something to Michael that gave him a fit of giggles (*Oh No!* Not the Freddie Mercury jokes, please!) and gave the film crew a very expensive break. But he did say he'd pass on a questionaire to the man at an opportune moment.

And we did get to talk last year, in a three-

> ***"I wouldn't say I was sexy!"***

Damn—where did I put my granny glasses?

Chris Walter

story condo in the San Fernando Valley—where Michael was, still is, staying while they rebuild his family house five miles down the road—filled with books, plants, art-work, animals, organic juices and various nephews and cousins and siblings of the Jackson family. LaToya was there in a cowboy hat. Little sister Janet was there to parrot my questions to Michael in a simpatico accent. Oh, I forgot, and there was a record collection ranging from Smokey Robinson (the first record he ever bought was "Mickey's Monkey") to Macca, with stops at funk, new wave, classical and just about anything else. Hmm. The Jackson influences, eh?

"James Brown, Ray Charles, Jackie Wilson, Chuck Berry and Little Richard—I think they had strong influences on a lot of people, because these were the guys who really got rock 'n' roll going. I like to start with the origin of things, because once it gets along it changes. It's so interesting to see how it really was in the beginning." Michael's got a tiny, otherworldly voice. You've heard him described as childlike and angelic. You will again. He's painfully shy, stares at his hands, his shoes, his sister, anywhere where he can forget there's an interviewer around. He goes on: "I like to do that with art also. I love art. Whenever we go to Paris I rush to the Louvre. I just never get enough of it! I go to all the museums around the world. I love art. I love it *too* much, because I end up buying everything and you become addicted. You see a piece you like and you say, Oh God, I've got to have this...

"I love classical music. I've got so many different compositions. I guess when I was real small in kindergarten and hearing 'Peter and the Wolf' and stuff—I still listen to that stuff, it's great, and Boston Pops and Debussy, Mozart, I buy all that stuff. I'm a big classical fan. We've been influenced by all kinds of different music—classical, r&b, folk, funk—and I guess all those ingredients combine to create what we have now.

"I wouldn't be happy doing just one kind of music or label ourselves. I like doing something for everybody...I don't like our music to be labeled. Labels are like...racism."

A good enough reason for swinging from Streisand to Freddie Mercury, not wanting to become the figurehead of just one group of people. How does he choose who he works with? Anybody who asks?

"I choose by feeling and instinct," is Michael's questionnaire answer. What does he get out of them? "I feel it would be...*magic*." Then again, you've got to keep in mind the man lives for his work.

"My career is mainly what I think about...There's been so many other things, they come in all the time. It's just hard to juggle your responsibilities around—my music here, my solo career, my movies there, TV and everything else."

Is that what makes you happy, just working?

"Yes. That's what I'm here for really. It's like Michaelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci," his voice trails off; he looks torn between sounding immodest and telling the truth, which, as he sees it, is that talent comes from God anyway, so don't go patting *him* on the back. "Still, *today*, we can see their work and be inspired by it."

So as long as there's stereos, Michael Jackson lives then?

Barry King/California Features

"OK, one more time, guys. And this time remember 'Beat It' is the name of the *song!*"

"Yes. I'd like to just keep going and inspire people and try new things that haven't been done."

To what extent has his belief in divinity influenced his life?

"I believe in God. We all do. We like to be straight, don't go crazy or anything. Not to the point of losing our perspective on life, of what you are and who you are. A lot of entertainers, they make money and they spend the rest of their life celebrating that one goal they reached, and with that celebration comes the drugs and the liquor and the alcohol. And then they try to straighten up and they say, 'Who am I? Where am I? What happened?' And they *lost* themselves, and they're broken. You have to be careful and have some kind of discipline."

> ***"I'm not like a Mormon or an Osmond or something..."***

"This is *disgusting!*" thinks Michael, "But I'll never let on!"

Chris Walter

Is he a very self-disciplined person?

"I'm not an angel, I know. I'm not like a Mormon or an Osmond or something where everything's straight. That can be silly sometimes. It goes too far."

It must be hard being an angel when you're acknowledged as one of the sexiest performers around, have girls camping in your backyard and the like.

"I wouldn't say I was sexy! But I guess that's fine if that's what they say. I like that in concert. That's neat."

What isn't neat is "Like you run into a bunch of girls, which I do all the time, you'll drive outside and there'll be all these girls standing on the corner and they'll start bursting into screaming and jumping up and down and I'll just sink into my seat. That happens all the time...Everyone knew where we lived before, because it was on the 'Map To The Stars Homes,' and they'd come round with cameras and sleeping bags and jump the fence and sleep in the yard and come in the house—we found people everywhere. It gets crazy. Even with 24-hour guards they find a way to slip in. One day my brother woke up and saw this girl standing over him in his bedroom. This one lady, who's 30 and she's crazy, and she said Jesus sent her there, and she's got to me...People hitch-hike and come to the house and say they want to sleep with us, stay with us, and it usually ends up that one of the neighbors takes them in. We don't let them stay. We don't know them."

More tales of crazy fans. One girl who tried to blow them up; another who screams at him in supermarkets. Must get a bit tough knowing who's your friend, sometimes.

"It *does* become difficult certain times. It's hard to tell, and sometimes I get it wrong. Just the force of feeling, or if a person's just nice without knowing who you are."

Lonely at the top? "We know lots and lots of people because we have such a big family. But [I've got] maybe two, three good

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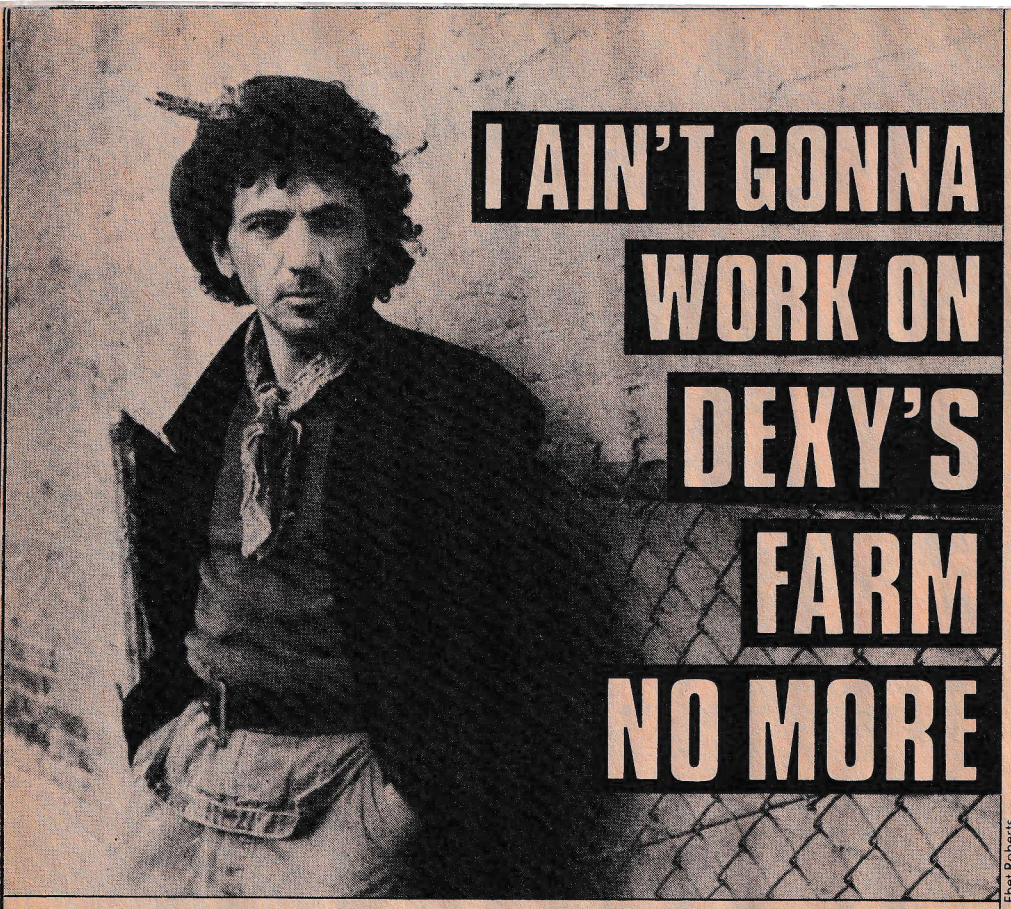

I AIN'T GONNA WORK ON DEXY'S FARM NO MORE

Ebet Roberts

by Toby Goldstein

The first impressions begin here. Dexy's Midnight Runners, with a great first album and little popular awareness of it within the U.S., came to New York's late, great Hurrah club one night in 1980 for their American debut. Disharmonious, weak, a pale shadow of a ripping record, the group compensated for its inability to sound good with overt hostility. Lead singer Kevin Rowland glared at the small but dedicated audience and snarled something like, "There are 10 people with soul here tonight and eight of them are on this stage."

Phooey on Dexy's live, said my friend and I (obviously, we were the two additional soul-enriched entities). We regretted the disappointment of the event and went back to wearing out tracks on *Searching For The Young Soul Rebels* like "Burn It Down (Dance Stance)" and "Geno," a loving tribute to seminal '60s British soul star Geno Washington.

More than two years later, Kevin Rowland was back in New York, being schlepped around a conservative music industry party and introduced to journalists. Rowland's bright red beret, deliberately worn-out overalls and shoes with no socks formed a lively contrast with the sea of business suits. Saying a quick hello before he was taken to meet the next in line, Rowland actually appeared quite amenable to the interview we'd be doing the following day. I was pleasantly puzzled. This did not seem like the same man who had bought full pages in the British music press then filled the space with his own essays, instead of talking to the staff.

The punch line begins here. In February, Rowland and his latest manifestation of Dexy's Midnight Runners played to a sold-out show at the Savoy. This tour, unlike the earlier disaster, occurred as the *Too-Rye-Ay* album and "Come On Eileen" single were swiftly becoming hits. A scant but noticible few in the crowd were dressed in Dexy's pseudo-hillbilly clothes—a sure sign of impending success.

> ***Punk pretended to be working class, but it was a middle-class thing.***
> **--Kevin Rowland**

"Ah cain't get this hat off ma *head*!!"

Kevin didn't verbosely gush all over the audience, but he wasn't out to put them down either. Admittedly, the 11-piece lineup of various brass, strings, guitars, and drums looked peculiar, playing powerful beat-centered music while dressed for a day of cotton picking. Helen O'Hare is an excellent violinist, but wearing a schlumpy sweater, hippie sandals and a skirt with fake patches, she sacrificed some of her instrumental sincerity for the sake of fitting Rowland's on-demand image.

Left to itself, however, the 1983 Dexy's performance blasted that earlier letdown into a distant obliterated memory. Rowland used his plaintive voice to achieve the emotional heights necessary to recreate songs like "Old" and "Precious" without seeming pompous—one of his deadliest writing pitfalls. "Jackie Wilson Said" and "The Celtic Soul Brothers" were properly spirited, and an encore of "Seven Days" proved that this version of Dexy's could do suitable justice to a song out of their earlier, horn-dominated repertoire.

I met with Kevin Rowland the day after that reception. Any illusions that the man had evolved past a superficial ability to smile in a public place vanished when Rowland defended his selection of the Sex Pistols and the Specials as worth rejecting in the introduction of "Burn It Down."

"It was rubbish!" Rowland insisted, the moment I offered an opinion that those groups made significant musical and social inroads. "Punk pretended to be working-class, but it was a middle-class thing. It was a bit of fun, I suppose," he said grudgingly, "but there was too much importance placed on it...it was about as important as Skiffle was in the '50s." (At that moment, I felt as frustrated as when a Grateful Dead fan had told me, quite seriously, that the Dead contributed more to music culture that the Beatles.) Arrgh! she moaned in frustration.

"I don't think that because the Specials were working-class made any difference at all," Rowland continued, as I tried to hide in a platter of tuna salad. "I just think it wasn't very good. It's so obvious, the whole thing." (Right, Kev, and *your* tatty blue jeans weren't an equally obvious response to trendy styles, calculated to arouse

"I am *Kemosabe*!!"

Steven Stone

attention.) "They come up there with these really obvious statements against the government. It's rubbish—what can I say?" he repeated. No amount of insistence on my part that the Specials did not orchestrate the wide-spread adaptation of their black/white theme by Britain's advertising machine would convince him of that truth. It was a fact, Rowland and I had become adversaries.

Within 15 minutes, Kevin would move into an active offensive phase, demanding to know: "What paper do you write for—the *Village Voice*? Have you got loads of preconceptions about Dexy's, 'cause I think you might." But before that, Kevin Rowland, who sought to become Soul Rebel Number One among all the British boys and girls, wanted to deflate the worth of the initial British soul movement. Back in the '60s, when Rowland was a schoolboy, developing his musical tastes, several Northern-based bands played a horn-heavy form of beat music. "I never got into that, " Kevin declared. "In fact, I hated it. It seemed so regressive."

What did make Rowland's heart pump faster were "brilliant records like white funk, James Brown's stuff and Curtis Mayfield. I was more into that. 'Cause I lived in London as well, and Northern soul was more Birmingham (where he was raised) onwards." Rowland "brainwashed" himself with an endless cascade of his favorite American rhythm and blues discs. "For three months, I never listened to anything else. No radios on in the house. It wasn't so much Motown, more like Stax."

Even so, Rowland's admiration of funksters like Van Morrison does not extend to his admitting them as an influence. In a stunning display of arrogance, done so subtly I was appalled by it only much later, Rowland brushed aside my definition of Dexy's "interpreting" "Jackie Wilson Said." "I get my influences from all sorts of places," Kevin informed me, "and the last place I'd look for influences is music(!). It just happens that's the music I listen to—it's a musical heritage, for want of a better word. That's a fuckin' awful cliche but it's true. Like Otis Redding and Aretha, James Brown, back through Ray Charles, Nina Simone and the blues singers. And Van Morrison's in there and I think Dexy's is at the other end. And I see it as one line of things." One thing's for sure—Rowland was not modest about his place in history. If this group were not as talented as it is, I would have been hard put to justify staying in that room and eating more dirt.

When Kevin declared, "I take Dexy's very seriously," he made the understatement of the year. In fact, Rowland was so sincere about protecting his newly-formed band that he had his first journalistic brawl even before *Searching For The Young Soul Rebels* was released. According to Kevin, the set-to was entirely justified. "This one journalist had hated me because he came from Birmingham and my brother had once thrown a glass at him, or something. I can't be responsible for him!

"Our manager at the time was foolish enough to invite this guy to one of our concerts to review it. So this bloke made up a load of lies about us! He said we were playing songs we didn't play, said we were wearing clothes we didn't wear. And the group was *good*—it was different, it was

Robert Matheu

"I get no kicks from champagne..."

exciting, there was nothing like it. So he wrote a bullshit review and I saw him and I hit him."

By the time Dexy's had released its first album and singles to immediate chart success, Rowland had his tactical plan well in hand. "It was a desire from the very outset to alienate (the press) and be disliked by them. We sneaked in the back door and came to the point of violent attacks on journalists—which I don't think is a good idea now (oh really?), but I did at the time. And they fuckin' hated us from the word go."

Switching attitudes a short while later, Kevin attempted to put his hardline comments in perspective. "You gotta realize, it was *fun* doing all the essays. You should've seen their reaction! These were the people who are warning you about 1984 and pretending to be so hip and liberal and free-thinking, and as soon as you challenged them, it showed how small-minded and pathetic they were."

Eventually, when both the critics' venom and the audience response subsided—not to mention all of the original band quitting—Rowland "had a year in the wilderness" for most of 1981. As his self-confidence at building a new edition of Dexy's increased, his cynicism towards the music industry remained. "When we were working on this new direction, we built up the most ridiculously loyal cult following—we were the most hip group," Kevin recalled with a smirk. "We even used to get letters from NME writers saying they believed in Dexy's and wanted to do interviews." But, maintained Kevin, those writers were prevented from doing so until very recently by their bosses.

Comes late 1982, and with his new lineup, now billed as "Kevin Rowland and Dexy's Midnight Runners"—because Rowland knew at least *he'd* always stay in the band—Kevin emerged from his cocoon a more secure man. "I'm a lot more confident now than I was two-and-a-half years

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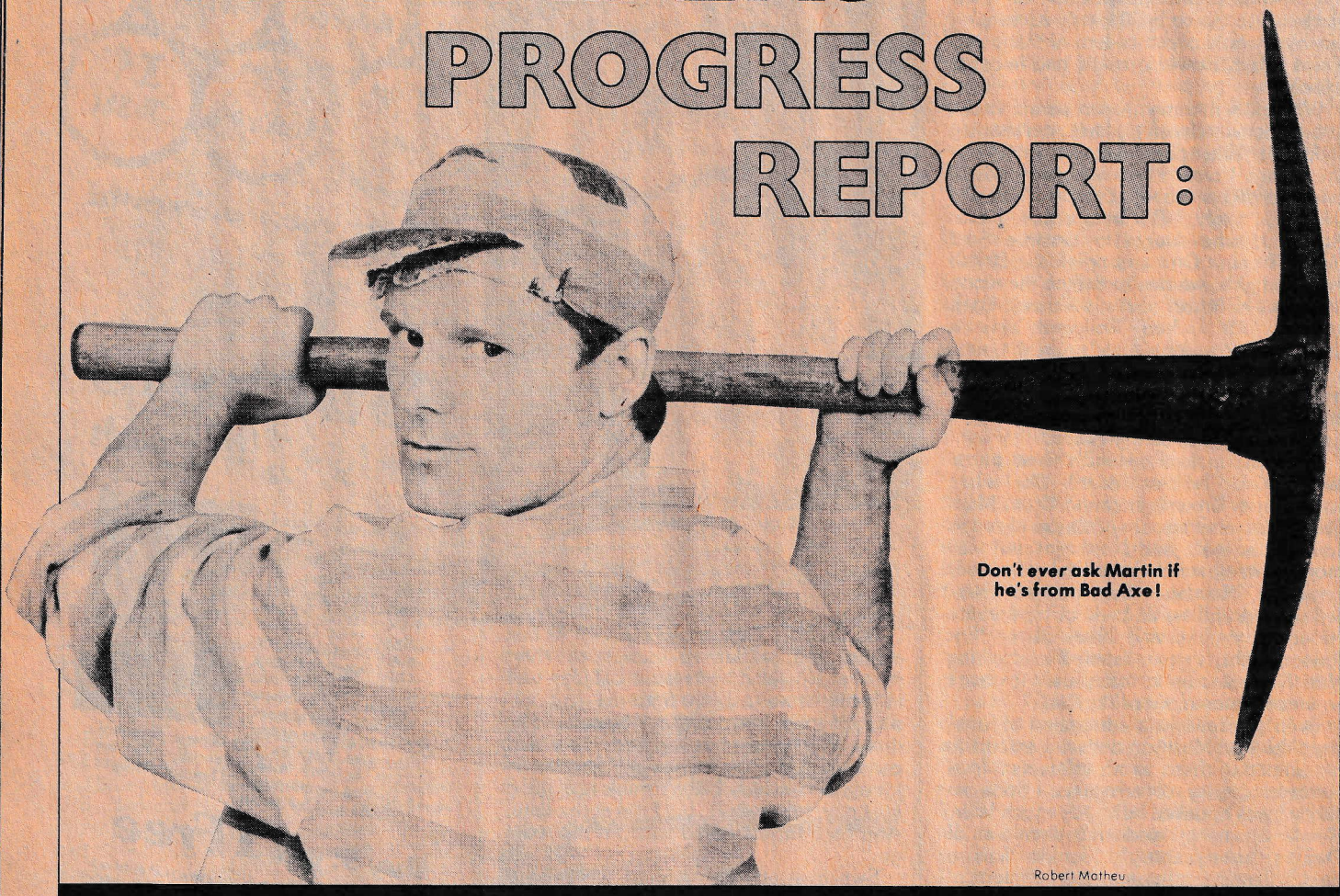


Don't ever ask Martin if he's from Bad Axe!

Robert Matheu

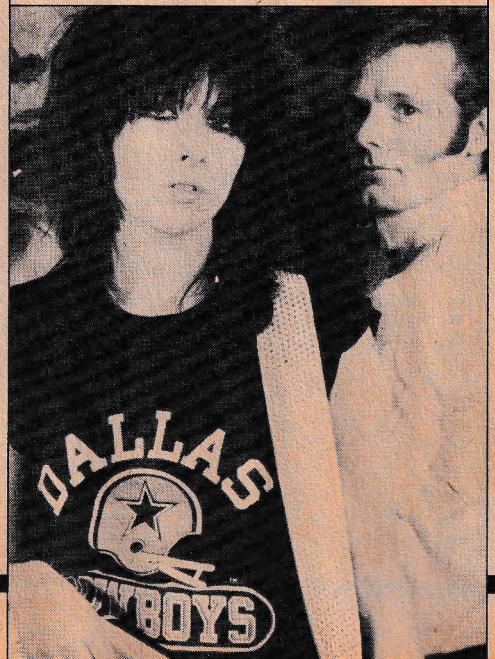
CHAMBERS ON THE CHAINGANG

by Iman Lababedi

Sensible. That's the word for Pretenders drummer Martin Chambers. Playing everything from progressive rock to proto-pub-rock professionally since 1967, he's a stolid albeit logical player and sometimes a lot better. But since the Pretenders last concert in April of 1982, the band has been hit with mishaps aplenty. First, Peter Farndon, their bass player, was given the boot in June. A day later, guitarist James Honeyman-Scott died. And after the disappointing *Pretenders II*, it looked like there might be an end to pretending for good. In September, however, Chrissie Hynde bounced back with her best single in years, "Back On The Chain Gang," featuring ex-Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner doing a marvelous job as a temporary replacement for Honeyman-Scott. It was in the American Top Ten, last time I looked.

Chrissie just had a baby girl, Natalie B. (the father is an unknown musician she's been helping named Ray Davies). As a result, it was Martin's job to meet members of the press in New York recently.

For their next tour, the Pretenders plan to bring hand puppets constructed from cuts of meat!



Ebet Roberts

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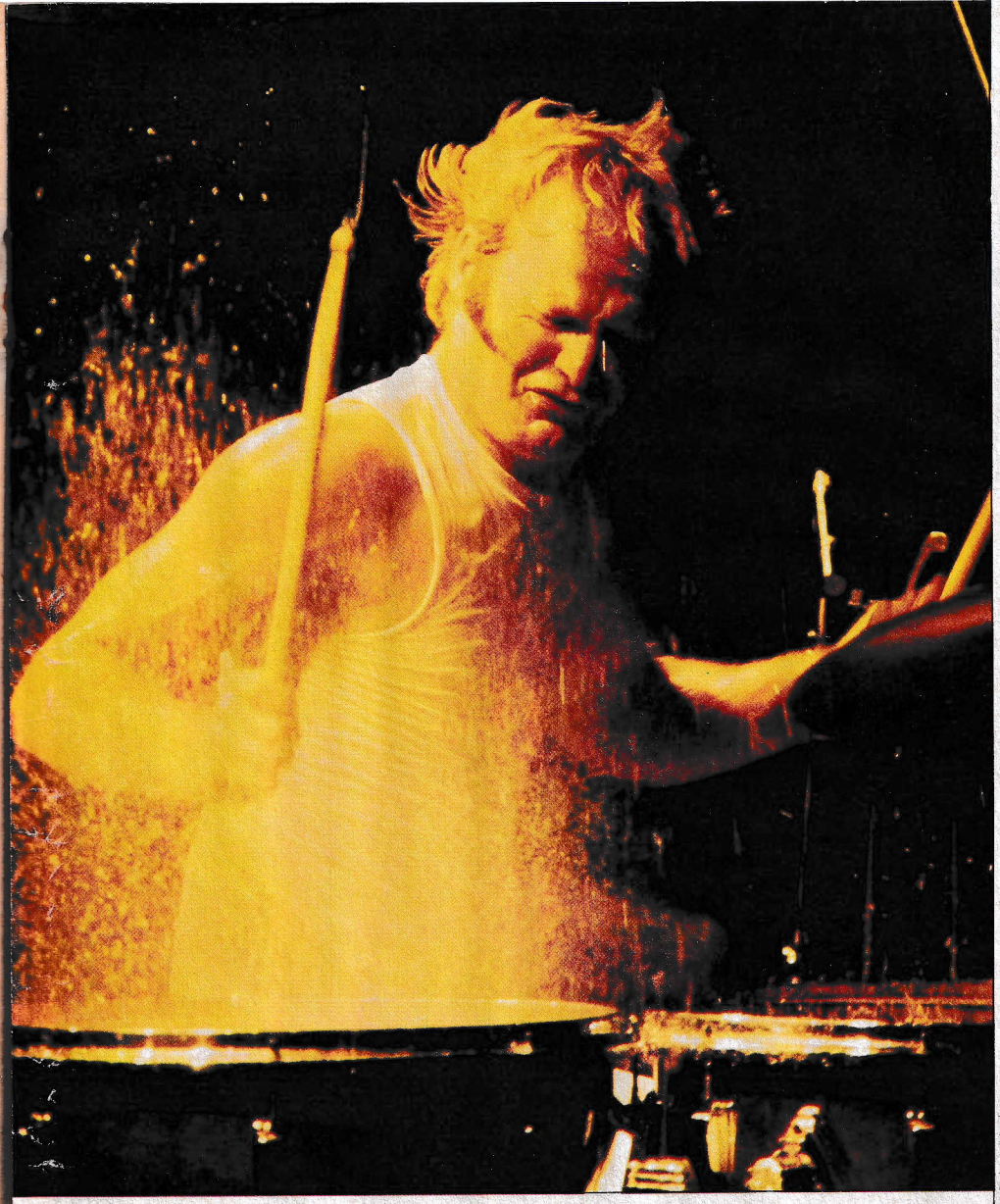
What happened with Pete?

MARTIN CHAMBERS: It was sort of a difference of opinion in many respects. We'd all changed over the years, but Pete had changed in different ways; it just wasn't healthy for the band. I thought it was a good thing for Pete and the band to part. Which is a shame, because he is a friend. It was a very difficult decision to make, but at the same time we sort of felt things weren't as good as they could be. Pete was OK, but it was mainly a personality thing, you can either get on with the job or you can't, and sometimes we felt Pete didn't really want to. It was one of those things that take place. It wasn't done particularly pleasantly, because when you're close friends and suddenly you aren't in the same band anymore, it isn't pleasant for either party. It was a difficult period all around. How can you broach a subject like that with a friend? It's hell, it really is.

And then Jimmy dies.



Robert Matheu

So frenetic was the set that the Martin Chambers balloon exploded!

MC: Yes, death by misadventure due to heart failure, caused by cocaine intolerance.

I'd never call Jimmy a cocaine addict or anything. He was really only addicted to one thing—the guitar. Sure, he did cocaine, had a good time and stuff like that, but never for long periods of time. He'd often go for long periods of time without doing anything like that, or even considering it. But he did go on binges. It's part of rock 'n' roll, the epic saying: rock star marries model. But it's not for me, not for this spring chicken.

Jimmy was just a great bloke. Everyone he met immediately liked him. There was nobody who didn't get on with him. He was the life and soul of the party. A real funny genuine character, great natural ability. Jim and I were like Laurel and Hardly. I haven't been going out much since he died, don't drink much anymore. Chrissie's stopped drinking and smoking as well. I always viewed it from one point of view—you're in a fortunate position in doing what you want to do, so you should do the best bloody job you can.

It must have come as a great blow to you and Chrissie after he died.

MC: It was. Initially, you don't know what to think because it's a complete and utter shock. And then you tend to have a period of mourning, and very often people find the best way to come out of that is to immerse yourself in work. And though that

> ***"There was a real feeling of hopelessness, really like 'Can we do this'"***

wasn't the way we thought of it, it was what we did, in effect. "Back On The Chain Gang" was a song we'd already rehearsed. It wasn't particularly about Jimmy. I can't talk about the lyrical side, but as far as the music is concerned, that was already finished. We had rehearsed it a lot with Jimmy, and thought it would make a pretty good single. So after his funeral and everything was sorted out, we thought let's get on with it. There was never any real thought of packing it in or anything. We decided to get some people to work with us for the time being, so I rang up Billy Bremner and brought him around, and it worked out well with him on the record. It seemed to suit him. Then we got Tony Butler, who worked with Pete Townshend on *Empty Glass*. He was a good bass player.

We rehearsed for a week. It was a very strange time, very tough for Chrissie and me, with no Jimmy or Pete. Tony once played the bass line to "Private Lives," and Chrissie didn't recognize it. But we just shook our fists to the heavens and got on with it. With "Chain Gang," we thought ourselves into it to a point. There was a real feeling of hopelessness, really like 'Can we do this?' Not that it crossed our minds that we couldn't, but you really question yourself.

Is that your new band?

MC: Getting a new band together was on my mind all the time. Billy and Tony were doing several other things themselves, and it was never considered for them to join full time. It was purely a one-off. We have a band now, thanks to Jimmy. Some time ago we had discussed the possibility of an extra guitarist for our live performances because Jimmy had to work so hard by himself to get the sound right. Also he wanted to sometimes play keyboards, which he did very well. Anyway, he found a guitarist a long time ago named Robbie MacIntosh. Jimmy thought he was an excellent guitarist and he had certain similarities to Jimmy's playing as well. So when we started auditions after "Chain Gang" in September, the obvious person to get was Robbie, which we did and he was terriffic. We auditioned loads of people after him, but it seemed pointless. So we brought him back. Robbie knew a bass player named Malcolm Foster, and wanted to give him a try. So we got together and played 80 percent of our stage show because they knew the material from the albums and stuff. And it sounded great! We found it quite easy. Chrissie and I thought maybe it would take a year or more to find people to work with, but thanks to Jimmy, it came together very quickly.

So when's a new album coming out?

MC: We rehearsed in October and went into the studio with producer Chris Thomas—who enjoyed working with the new chaps—about five weeks before Christmas. We have about half the album—various things that are almost completed. Of course, in the middle of all this, Chrissie had a baby girl (born on January 22nd). She's doing very well. Chrissie is great as well. She's relaxing, getting used to the baby. The plan is that when I get back to England, I'll rehearse with Robbie and Malcolm. There's a backlog of stuff to catch up with, old material to go over. Then when Chrissie's up to it, she'll join us and we'll get on with new material. We're going into the studio roughly around April, to finish off the album, so hopefully it should be out by late summer or early fall. We should be on the road shortly after that—could be by the end of the year.

JUNE 1983

PRINCE

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS QUIZ: Something happened today that, according to legend, kicked off the "Summer of Love" in 1967. What was it? **Answer to last month's Rock 'N' Roll News Quiz:** James Brown was born on May 3, 1928.			**1** **ROCK 'N' ROLL NEWS QUIZ** Ron Wood b. 1947 The Stones first U.S. tour begins, 1964	**2** Charlie Watts b. 1943 Tony Hadley b. 1959	**3** Ian Hunter b. 1946 Suzy Quatro b. 1950 The Stones make their U.S. TV debut on *The Hollywood Palace*, 1964	**4**
5 	**6**	**7** The Who play The Met, 1970	**8** Brian Jones leaves the Stones, 1969 Mick Box b. 1947 Boz Scaggs b. 1944	**9** Cole Porter b. 1892 Les Paul b. 1923	**10**	**11** Joey Dee b. 1940 Frank Beard (ZZ Top) b. 1949 David Bowie releases "Space Oddity," 1969
12 Bun E. Carlos b. 19?	**13**	**14** Derek and the Dominoes debut in 1970 The Beatles hit their last #1 with "The Ballad Of John And Yoko," 1969 Muff Winwood b. 1943	**15** John L. and Paul McC. meet for the first time, 1956	**16** Steve Goulding (The Rumour) b. 1954 Garry Roberts b. 1954	**17** Chris Spedding b. 1944	**18** Paul McCartney b. 1942
19 **FATHER'S DAY** Ann Wilson (Heart) b. 1950 Paul McCartney admits to dabbling in LSD, 1967	**20** Brian Wilson b. 1942 Chet Atkins b. 1924 John Taylor (Duran Duran) b. 1960	**21** Steely Dan officially split, 1981 Ray Davies b. 1944	**22** Peter Asher b. 1944 Todd Rundgren b. 1948	**23** Adam Faith b. 1940 John Entwistle marries Alison Wise, 1967	**24** Jeff Beck b. 1944 Mick Fleetwood b. 1947	**25**
26 Mick Jones b. 1955	**27** The Fillmore East closes, 1971 Bruce Johnston b. 1944	**28**	**29** The Jimi Hendrix Experience goes out with the whimper of tear gas in Denver, 1969	**30**	**THEY SAID IT!** "When Pete dies, I'll immediately be around there with a shovel diggin' him up." Roger Daltrey in CREEM, September '79	

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HERE & NOW, IT'S BOW WOW WOW!

by Richard Grabel

The story has to begin with Malcolm McLaren, the ex-Kings Road clothier who brought the Sex Pistols to the world. Having seen his punk rock masterstroke self-destruct in a blaze of folly, McLaren was looking for a new outrage.

The legend says that he discovered young Annabella Lwin, who was 14 at the time, in a dry cleaning shop where she was working. Annabella, who came to England with her mother as refugees from the perpetual civil strife of Burma, had dark exotic good looks that rang the cash registers in McLaren's eyes. He asked her if she wanted to sing in a band. McLaren gathered the musicians, put together the group and gave them their identity.

McLaren's early-stage Bow Wow Wow (BWW for short) propagated an optimistic, almost cartoonish version of the youth rebellion of the Sex Pistols, with an idealized sexual license replacing the idea of political "anarchy." Their first single, "C-30, C-60, C-90, Go" celebrated the joys of cassette taping (as opposed to record buying). It was, as McLaren hoped, controversial—BWW's English record company released it, but refused to promote it.

Bob Alford

Like Pia Zadora, even Annabella herself is sometimes awed by her own slurpiness.

Neil Zlozower

With the release that followed, an eight-track cassette called *Your Cassette Pet*, the BWW strategy was clear. McLaren was casting Annabella as an underage sexpot. In one song she has an affair with a young criminal named Louis Quatorze, who makes love to her "with his gun in my back." In another, she shrieked "I feel sexy/Sexy Eiffel Towers." On the side, McLaren was doing his best to stir up London's trashier daily papers with stories of BWW as some kind of new pop sex scandel. The campaign reached its peak when Annabella posed nude for the cover of the *Last Of The Mohicans* record, in a parody of the picnic scene painted by Monet, *Dejeuner sur l'herbe*, and her mother sued to block the record's release.

In the heat of controversy, everyone seemed to miss an essential point—the kids in BWW were more than just puppets of a great media manipulator. Now that the band and McLaren have parted company, they are anxious to correct that situation, but they are also fairly candid about the relationship.

"That's true to an extent," drummer Dave Barbarossa admits when I put it to him that without McLaren there would never have been a BWW. "But he's the one who naturallly is going to take the credit in situations like that, because he's interesting character. But his ideas for the band weren't really his ideas. Things like 'C-60' and 'W.O.R.K.,' they were us, they were what we were like. 'W.O.R.K.' was a job. He looked at us and said, 'Ah, you don't work. You don't buy records, do you? You listen to cassettes.' And for 'Louis Quatorze,' Annabella was that age. So it wasn't just popping out of his mind, it was based on us."

SHOWBIZ

Dave, Annabella and I are sitting in an RCA conference room, guitarist Mathew Ashman and bassist LeRoy Gorman are off in other rooms doing interviews, the last of "hundreds" they've done on this American tour.

Previous interviews has portrayed the boys in BWW as clowns and trouble-makers with Annabella as the reasonable one, but I find Dave more talkative at first and Annabella quiet, pouty, and not trying to cover up how fed up she is with interviews. It takes a while for her to open up, but

Here's the Bow Wow Wow plastic hobby kit! Buy yours now!

> ***"I'm sure Stevie Wonder didn't get those hassles from his parents."***
> **--Annabella Lwin**

when she does, it's clear that for all the unusualness of her position, she is a normal girl trying hard to stay that way in extraordinary circumstances. She's guarded, she's got her defenses up, but how else is she going to manage the trick? And she's certainly not trying to sell herself by living up to any image.

I ask the young pop star (now 17) whether she grew up idolizing pop stars.

"No, I didn't idolize them. I admired them."

You weren't the kind of girl who puts pictures up on her bedroom walls?

"No. The first person I thought was really nice in the way of singing was Stevie Wonder. 'Cause he was blind, so it used to make me think a bit about the fact that he used to play all these instruments, and he used to write tons of songs. Another group I liked was Abba, they were great singers, still are. I mean I never used to take it seriously, it was just all in fun."

Do you think about the fact that there may be kids at home with your picture on their wall?

"Naw, they're probably putting darts in it or something like that."

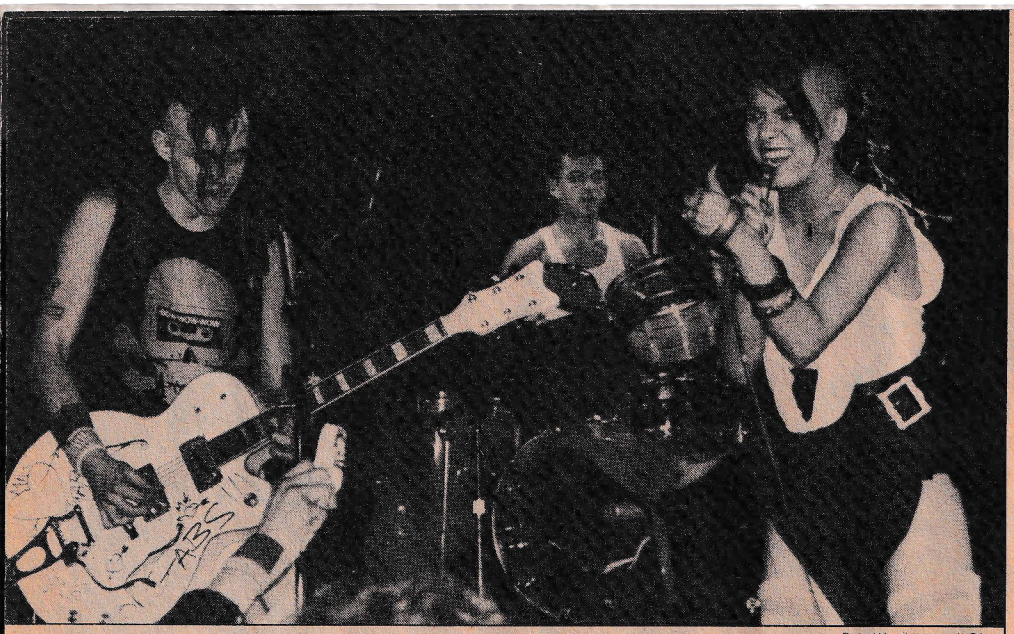
Was it an ambition of yours to be in a group before McLaren came along?

"No. Even then it was more like a hobby. If it wasn't that it was nicking Yorkies from the local sweet shop, and that wasn't good, I'd get too fat.

"I wanted to leave school when I was 16 anyway. I wanted to have my own flat and

We at CREEM ask: "But whose Mammy?"

Bob Leafe



Like they say on TV, *"It's a great time to be a baby!"* Rain Worthington/LGI

do what I wanted to do. On the other hand, I had a really domineering parent. She's given me a lot of trouble ever since I wanted to live my own life. But I don't want to go into this, it's really boring."

We've read a lot about her putting up a fuss over album covers and touring.

"Yeah, it's so unnecessary. I mean I'm sure Stevie Wonder didn't get those hassles from his parents. Or anyone else. The Ronettes or whoever."

What would you advise someone planning to be in a group at 14? Is it a good idea?

"Go out and do what they want to do. It's up to the individual. There's no point following someone else's footsteps."

SEX!

It was a neat trick having a young girl sing very sexual lyrics and have everyone wonder "what does *she* know about it?"

"Well, before this new album the lyrics were Malcolm's ideas mostly. 'Sexy Eiffel Towers'—I didn't write the lyrics to that or anything else. I was just getting into that sort of role, I suppose you'd call it."

The new record still has a heavily sexual aspect, though.

Dave: "Oh yeah, of course. Because it's the old story, it wasn't just him. It was us as well. But we can't keep going on telling people that forever. We'll wait and have people listen to our music."

Julie Burchill recently wrote about the attitude the French call *nostalgie de la boue*, nostalgia for the primitive beginnings of man, and said it has to do with wanting to go back to an imagined time when sex was "a thrill, not a skill." That seems to be the Bow Wow Wow attitude.

Dave: "That's all very interesting. To me, having a fuck is having a fuck. You know I've done it with thousands of women on the road, it's no big deal. We all do. It's very nice to talk about..."

Annabella: "I don't."

Dave: "*She* don't. But, it's very nice to talk about sex being a thrill not a skill, but it's entirely up to who you're with and how you feel."

Annabella: "I'm going to get a cup of coffee, this is getting really boring. Excuse me." (she leaves the room).

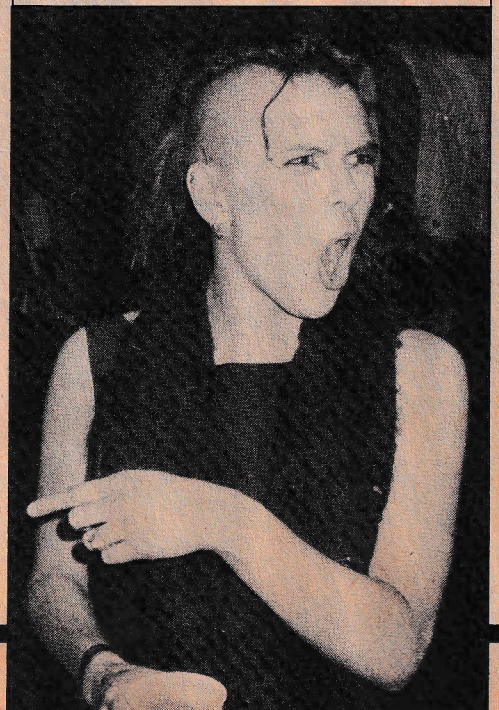
Dave: "She's really hung up with sex."

Oh?

Linda Matlow/Pix

Tortured *artiste* Annabella shares with us the pain of scalp-fear.

Sit on Rick Johnson's lap?!!
No way!



Vinnie Zuffante/Star File

"It's one of those things. She thinks anybody talking about sex is talking about having it off with her, so she tends to build up quite a defense mechanism. If you talk about sex generally she thinks everybody's going to try and have sex with her because she's a pop star. And she's had her clothes off in front of cameras and she's only young and she's a bit inexperienced."

At this point Annabella bursts into the room, yells "HIHOWYADIONALL-RIGHT!," smiles, and sits down.

We were just saying you really can't talk about pop without talking about sex.

Annabella: "No. A lot of it's got to do with sex, in one form or another. That's why people are so interested."

But then, in the context of show biz, doesn't sex always become a commodity, to be sold?

"Yeah, but it isn't just in music, is it? It's in films, everything."

Is there a way out of that?

"Why do you want to get out of that? What's the point? There's no problem. Well, the only problem is, I get some guys who come up to me, all they're interested in is just to, uh, you know, have sex with me. But I just tell them to fuck off, because they're just crude bastards as far as I'm concerned. I mean I know there might be a few slags in the business..."

Dave: "And I'm one of them."

Annabella: "But I'm not. I know it sounds strange, especially for me because I've posed nude a number of times. You're probably wondering what I'm doing here with clothes on. But it's just that people can get into that, they start pinning you down as being one thing or another. And just because you're trying something out doesn't mean that's what you definitely are. People actually come along to see me and they come backstage and they think, because I sing, like, 'Sexy Eiffel Towers'..."

That you must be some kind of *hot pot*...

"That's right. I mean they go away thinking 'she's nice' or whatever I suppose. I don't know. It doesn't really bother me. It's no big deal. I suppose Joan Jett has the same problem now and again. Or any other female singers. And girls get that all the time in society anyway."

MORE SHOW BIZ!

And so, to the reason for this promotional exercise: the new album. It's called *When The Going Get Tough The Tough Get Going*, it was produced by Mike Chapman (of Blondie fame) and it's very good. Bright, snappy, tuneful, and very clever. In fact, it proves what BWW have been claiming all along, that they can do it on their own.

Dave: "It's very nerve-wracking for us, this new album, because it's like our first album. It's a lot more from soul 'cause it's the four of us against the world, rather than having Malcolm McLaren being responsible or someone else being responsible, or an image being responsible or someting. It's just the four of us writing songs. I think the songs are really strong."

Annabella: "It will make me proud. Like a peacock."

What did you think of Mike Chapman?

Annabella: "Great producer to work for.

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Dave Hogan/LGI

MALCOLM McLAREN EATS EGG SALAD

Other Pagan Rituals To Follow?

by John Mendelssohn

Throughout his career as proprietor of one of London's most controversial boutiques, and later as the man who radicalized the New York Dolls and essentially thought up the Sex Pistols, Adam Ant, and Bow Wow Wow, Malcolm McLaren has demonstrated a remarkable proclivity for scandalizing the pop world. But if you imagine Malcolm McLaren to be some cynical manipulator who, to paraphrase the Sex Pistols, does it all for fame, or at least infamy, you might have lots more imagining to do.

Consider that when McLaren speaks about rock 'n' roll, he does so with such wide-eyed earnestness and passion that he seems to lose sight of all else around him. Indeed, while chatting with an old chap from America's only rock 'n' roll magazine that bills itself as such—the second or third in a long succession of people whom his record company had invited to interrogate him very late one afternoon in the third winter of the 1980s—he was brought what appeared to be an egg salad-on-white sandwich. But he'd become so wrapped up in trying to elucidate his feelings about rock 'n' roll that he gesticulated with the poor sandwich for perhaps 10 minutes before he realized that he had it in hand and shut up long enough to chomp into the sucker!

And if he gets keyed up talking about rock 'n' roll, he becomes positively apoplectic about the world's downtrodden and disenfranchised, a lot of whose dance music he presents or performs in his latest role, that of ethnomusicoligist/Solo Artist.

> ***"Rock 'n' roll is the music of the dispossessed."***

"Why, why, why?, wonders Malcolm McLaren. "Do the masses not heed my AIDS warnings!"

"This isn't exactly what I had in mind."

"I believe," he expounds, "that the whole rock 'n' roll era came about when people accidentally borrowed from a very pagan musical source. Elvis Presley moving like a black man from the darkest part of Africa excited people because it made them aware that music could involve thinking with your hips instead of your head.

"Seeing or reading about them now, we laugh at all those outraged '50s fathers who attacked rock 'n' roll as jungle fever that would send their kids into trances and destroy the American ethic. But is was absolutely true! Rock 'n' roll *was* magical and pagan. Rock 'n' roll *was* about the jungle!

"By now, the original idea's got pretty milky. I don't think it's meaningful any longer to be a member of the fifth generation applauding a Chuck Berry riff. Rock 'n' roll is bigger than that, or fucking well ought to be. Rock 'n' roll doesn't necessarily mean what Alan Freed meant. It's grown much larger than that, more enveloping. It can mean Peruvian Indian music, or Zulu music. When I was in Zululand, I heard what sounded like Keith Richards riffs, as stolen from Chuck Berry!

"Rock 'n' roll is the music of the dispossessed. The '80s are all about understanding that."

Perhaps you've wondered how McLaren came to juxtapose square dance music, of all things, with street rapping in the best-known track on his solo album, *Buffalo Girls*. Well, wonder no more. "Dance had once been a sacred love ritual. But by the '50s there was no trace of that left in America, *except* in things like the square dance, which can be seen as game of pursuit and rejection, and harks back to ancient rituals."

If you want to make a hormone, don't pay her. If you want to make McLaren moan, ask him what he thinks of pop music. "Pop music," he'll assert biliously, "is an invention of something that we know as The Industry. It has to do with a lot of technical apparatus, inventions like producers, and packaging. The Industry has never had anything to do with the essence of rock 'n' roll. I think the only place you can *find* the essence is in places where music remains a sacred means of communication.

"The rock 'n' roll artists *I'm* interested in are the Peruvian baker or Dominican auto mechanic in New York City who play at their friends' weddings, or the Cuban priest who digs up songs of pagan gods that his forefathers handed down to him."

Suspecting that both are created essentially to provide pleasure, the old chap from America's only rock 'n' roll magazine that bills itself as such really presses McLaren to explain how the Peruvian baker's and Domincan grease monkey's musics are inherently nobler than the AOR that white teenagers with long hair listen to in the suburbs, but to no avail.

McLaren essentially invented both the

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Bob Gruen/Star File

"Five guys on one bar stool? Well *here's a* hint!"

Eberl Roberts

CULTURE CLUBBING

With George and The Boys

Suddenly...Mount Rushmore had changed!

Ross Marino

by J. Kordosh

After years in the biz, very few things surprise me anymore. What the heck, I've railed at Rush. I fought it out with Fear. I battled the Bus Boys. I was double-dribbled by Dave Davies' bodyguard. I've done it all; I've done it my way. Doubtless I'm dauntless.

Granted that I'm a veritable rock, let me confess I'm a bit taken aback by this Culture Club thang and—in particular—Boy George. I haven't lost any sleep over the way the guy looks, but I don't think anyone would disagree that he does look passably odd, Boy-wise. Hell, the guy's a goof, and his face doesn't match the voice on "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me." Come to think of it, his face doesn't match fingernails on the blackboard. But I don't really want to make him cry—I like the Boy. He's not my favorite Boy, of course, since I let two live in my house and they've got six years between 'em. Then there's bill-paying Boys like Howdy!; I'm naturally partial to them. As far as Georges go, he's a good George, but not a great George; e.g., Curious (the monkey) and Of The Jungle, the TV star.

He is, however, an easy George to talk to, and he hangs out with an interesting bunch of musicians. Take Steve Granger, for example. Steve plays the tenor sax as a C.C. sideman; we spent an absorbing 10 minutes discussing fishing in the U.S. and U.K. Very few musicians realize that the manners and mores of the bluegill are more exciting than they are—take a bow, Steve. Another side-player is Helen, a bulky songstress and the only woman in the Club entourage. "I'm a communist," she told me when I met her, only to tell me later she was "just kidding." Hey, I was just kidding about putting it in the story, too, Helen. Then there's Jon Moss, their most credentialed musician, who used to play with people like the Damned and the Clash and Adam Ant. Wait a minute, he didn't play with people *like* the Damned and the Clash and Adam Ant, he played with the real Damned and the real Clash and the real Adam Ant. "Adam has no sense of humor," says Jon. OK by me, does he have a sense of history?

The real prize in this crowd, of course, is Boy George himself. He hadn't been told he was supposed to talk to anybody, so when I introduced myself he didn't know me from Adam, or even Adam's aunt. No sweat, though: George said, "Great, let's do it now." Now there's a trusting person...I should've told him he had to pay me 500 bucks, too.

Well, how weird is Boy? Not so far gone, culture fans. I mean, what can you say about a guy who noted: "In a country where they spawned Liberace, I'm hardly a revolutionary." Absolutely right. In a country that spawned Liberace, hardly anybody's anything. No one here gets out awake.

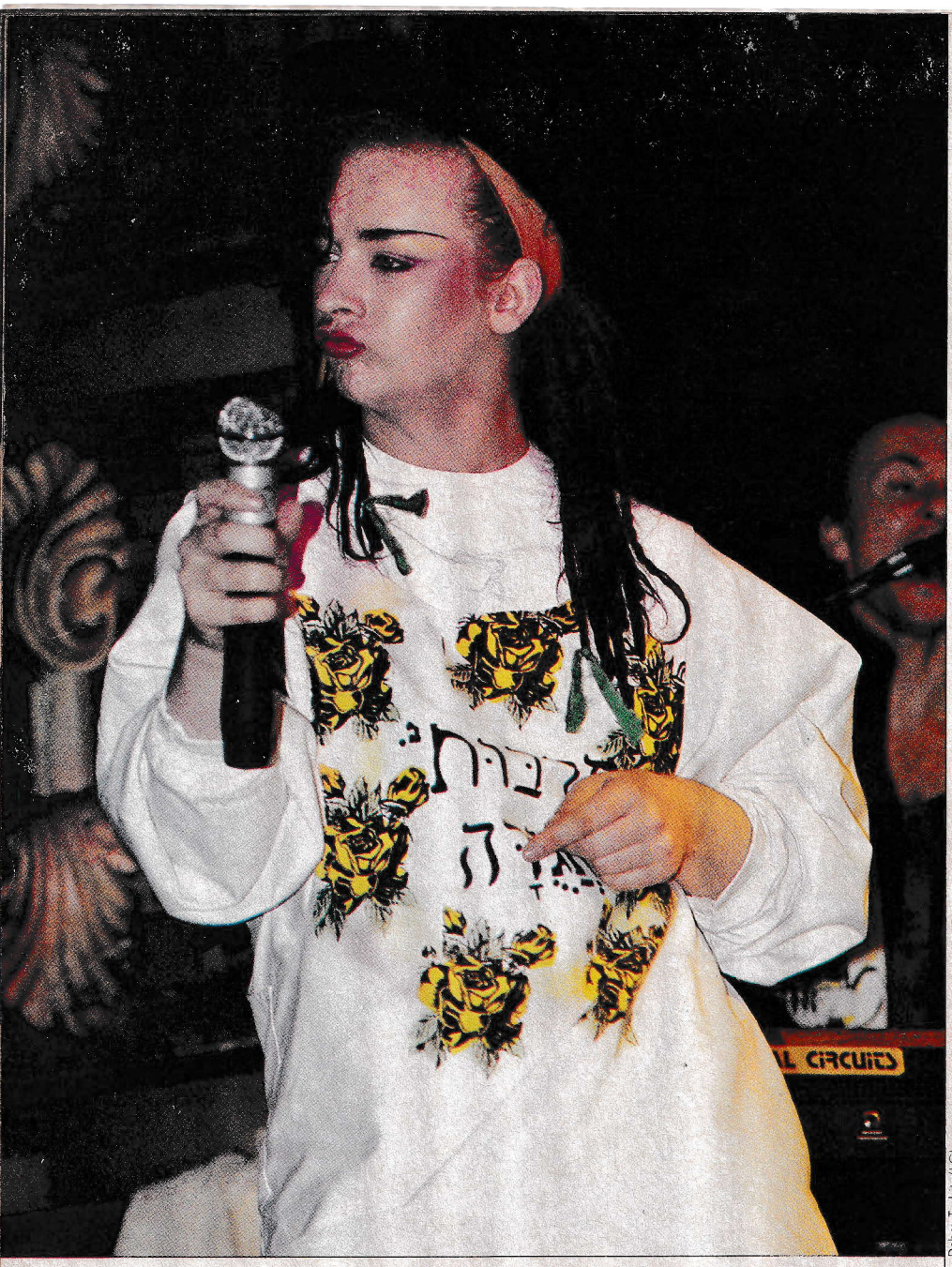
Touching on Boy's looks—figuratively speaking here—there were a few points that interested me. Like, why is he called "Boy," anyway? This guy is 21 years old already.

"When I'm about 25, I'll change it," he laughed. "But when we did our first

Bob Alford

Oh, about this wide! Why?

"*If you can't laugh at yourself, you've got nothing.*
--Boy George"



Debra Trebitz/LGI

Boy's lips can't help but *pucker* when he spies Adam Ant in the front row!

"You gross things!" huffs Boy George. "Mentally undressing me in front of everyone!"

professional photo session, the pictures (of himself) were really, really feminine. It just looked like a woman; it didn't look like me. So I thought it would be funny to use that name."

"But you do look kind of feminine. Right?" I added, just on the off-chance I was wrong.

"Yeah, I suppose so." Good supposing there.

"Do you want to talk about it?" (This is what's known as loading the pistol.)

"Yeah, we can talk about it. We can talk about whatever you want." (Bullseye!)

"OK, are you a homosexual?"

"No."

"Are you a transvestite?"

"No."

Hmm, what does that leave..."Are you nice to your parents?"

Seriously, though, Boy has a pretty good sense of humor about this whole thing, which he better have when I'm talking to him. "A transvestite is someone who dresses like a woman," he said. "I do not dress as a woman. I mean, I may look feminine, but I don't think I actually *am* that feminine." Yeah, I guess I've met more feminine people in my time, too.

Besides, all you intolerant sunnuvabitches who think Boy's a geek have got another thing coming: "You can have all the morals and you can have all the things that help you survive, but if you can't laugh at yourself, you've got nothing," B.G. said. "If some big, fat guy laughs at me, I think: well, the guy's overweight—he's probably really uptight about being fat. He probably hasn't seen his cock for about a week." So there.

Where did Boy and his club of culture come from? Besides England, I mean. George O'Dowd hails from suburban London and he describes his parents as "absolutely brilliant." *But*: "On my seventeenth birthday, I left my parents, got as far away as possible, so I moved away (to Birmingham,) and I stayed there a year." This launched a series of remarkable adventures: first he became a fairly successful model ("It's good money," George nonchalantly noted) and then a protege-of-sorts to the ubiquitous Malcolm McLaren, who got him his first shot at fronting a band (Bow Wow Wow). "I did two gigs with them and it went well, but Bow Wow Wow just didn't like me. They were scared of me, for a start. The guys were scared stiff of me, because I'm quite an overpowering person."

Probably true. I haven't met many people that can talk so fast for so long as George can. Despite this self-acknowledged status, Boy sees the Culture Club as one of them there band democracies we've all come to love over the years. "One thing about this band that we don't do: we just don't believe in that rock 'n' roll shit."

"What rock 'n' roll shit?" The last several Seger albums, perhaps?

Nope. "I believe in complete democracy and I believe that you should act like a human being. I don't think you should act like you're something special."

This democracy-thing kept cropping up in our conversation, to the point where I think it might be a bit of an obsession with our Boy. Regarding his parents: "They're

TURN TO PAGE 63

Robert Matheu

GET HOT!

Here's an opportunity to win one of today's *hottest* guitars, the X-79 from Guild, pictured here in the hot hands of Judas Priest's K.K. Downing. The X-79 offers incredible balance with a surprisingly lightweight feel, not to mention custom design XR7 pickups and a superb sound range. Currently on tour with such artists as Allen Collins, Judas Priest and Ian Hunter, this fabulous instrument can be yours, and here's all you have to do to win: read the rules below, and send in your coupon. The final drawing will take place June 15, 1983. Entries postmarked after June 13, 1983 will not be eligible to win. So—get *hot* and send your entry form today!

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Drive In Saturday

Famous Ashtrays

by Edouard Dauphin

Does television control your life? Do you wake in the morning and require a fix of *Make Room For Daddy?* Do you squeal with joy during *Family Feud* when some lettuce farmer's slack-jawed wife hollers "Good answer!"? Do you actually watch MTV? Does your TV set ever breathe unnaturally? Do hands from the screen ever reach out into your living room, threatening to engulf you? Do you have a cavity just above your belly button into which one can insert videocassettes?

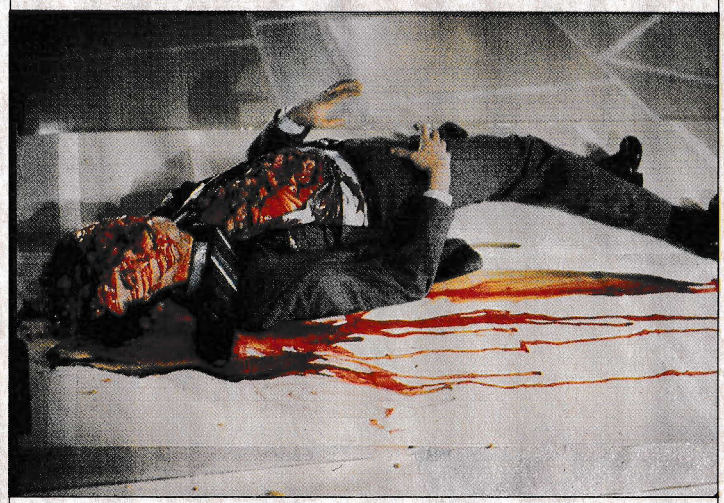
If you answered "Yes" to one or more of these questions, you should have more than a passing interest in *Videodrome*, the latest creation of David Cronenberg, whose *Scanners* led to the exploding heads party game rage of a few years back. A native of Canada—do they have television up there?—Cronenberg, with this film, shows himself to be a director of remarkable courage. What else can you call a man who casts Deborah Harry in a major role?

The outlandish plot concerns Max Renn (James Woods), a sleazoid cable TV producer in Toronto who is constantly searching for new programming ideas. This causes him to become obsessed with *Videodrome*, an underground sex and torture show emanating from, of all places, Pittsburgh—perhaps the only city in North America a Torontoan can feel superior to.

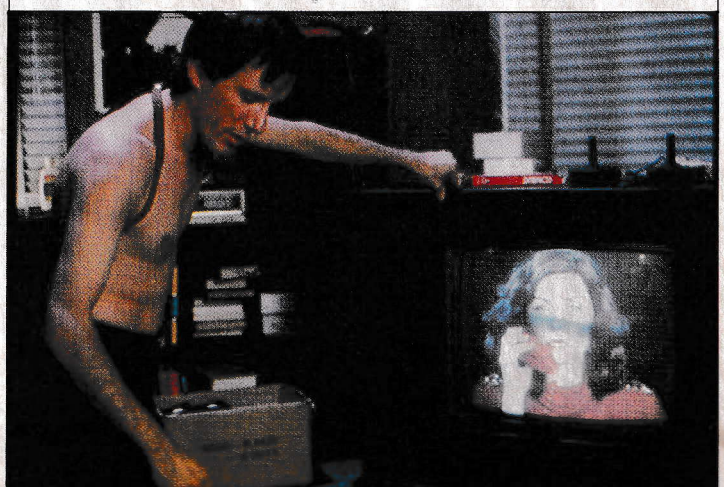
Renn's other infatuation is with phone-in media personality Nicki Brand, played by Debbie, who intones breathy psychoanalytical advice to sickies out in Radioland. A poor man's Ruth Westheimer, Nicki is also a masochist, who drags Max into the sack and then begs him to put cigarettes out on her chest. And, when she isn't using her gazongas for an ashtray, Nicki is—you guessed it—part of a worldwide conspiracy to control our minds and turn them into porridge. (Funny, I always thought that's what Blondie was.)

Deb packs her bags and splits to Pittsburgh where she gets to guest-host on *Videodrome* and say lines like: "Let's open those neural floodgates." Still in Toronto, Max is reduced to addicted viewer status and soon becomes a slobbering hallucinator. (Reminded me of myself during the '60s.) Meanwhile, the sinister forces continue to grow, manufacturing, as one spokesman explains, "everything from inexpensive glasses for the Third World to missile guidance systems for NATO." (Rather a good line, that one.)

Oh, about this deep! Why?



The pizza was returned to the impudent chef *untouched*.



Hello, Ig? Can I borrow your pantyhose tonight?

The bad guys also operate something called the Cathode Ray Mission, a Salvation Army type refuge where derelicts are fed massive doses of daytime television. Another nice touch—in fact, I'm beginning to realize I'm making this movie seem a lot more interesting than it really is.

Okay, then, the adequate special effects. They include the above mentioned pulsating screen and chest orifice. Sexual connotations of the latter were not lost on the Times Square audience with whom I shared this flick, though some on hand probably had similar massive wounds in their torsos, which could account for their squirming. As for me, I left *Videodrome* feeling vaguely disappointed and wondering if I could make it home in time for *Lie Detector*.

Skip *Videodrome* and leave your neural floodgates alone.

☆☆☆

Remember Barbara Hershey? For a while there, she was Barbara Seagull and mixed up with David Carradine. Or was it Keith Carradine? No matter. She's Barbara Hershey again—guess she couldn't shake that chocolate empire monicker—and she stars in *The Entity*, one of those atmospheric horror films The Dauph normally abhors on sight (not enough gore), so how come I liked this one?

Fans of the Frank DeFelitta novel had warned me this was a nasty little sage—supposedly based on a true incident in California—in which a mother of three is repeatedly ravaged by a demonic spirit. Still, it sounded like standard supernatural fare, nothing to rivet Edouard to his popcorn-crusted seat. Wrong, chowderbrain—*The Entity* is that rare breed of shocker, logical intelligent and lingering. The kind that returns to you in the dark at 4 in the morning when about the only return I'm expecting is that Chicken McNugget with clam sauce I devoured around midnight.

Faced with these unseen attacks, Hershey (or is it Seagull?) resorts to a psychiatrist who diagnoses them as hysterical nightmares and then falls in love with her. But the vicious assaults go on, proving that not even the love of a chauvinistic boob can conquer the supernatural. Eventually, Seagull (sorry,

Hershey) experiments with frozen helium in an effort to catch The Entity in the act. This makes for one of the movie's most frightening sequences—in fact, you'll be tempted to never again freeze this particular gas in your home again.

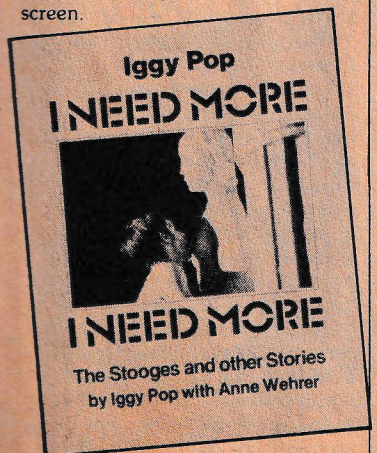
Or was it John Carradine?

☆ ☆ ☆

Geek Maggot Bingo. In the windswept waters of movie reviewing, certain titles are like welcoming beacons. Lure of this grunge flick was further enhanced by a cast featuring Richard Hell (as The Rawhide Kid); erstwhile Shock Theatre/FM deejay John Zacherle; and netherworld film doyenne (not to mention, lady wrestler) Donna Death. Plus it was directed by Nick Zedd, who once gave us—though we tried to return it—*They Eat Scum*. The Dauph reached the screening room early.

What he found was a cheap, sometimes slapdash, cheerfully horrific entertainment with lots of geeks, nary a maggot and precious little bingo, but enough homages to classic horror films to choke a platoon of cineastes. The plot? Who cares? There's a mad scientist, a two-headed monster in sneakers, a scantily clad temptress, a laconic gunfighter, a hump-backed lab assistant who looks like he escaped from The Plasmatics, and a mob of vampires, led by the alluring Ms. Death whose batwing lips may provoke a whole line of Revlon products.

Fiendishly tasteless fun and how can you not like a film whose makers provide a free drool cup with each admission? By the way, *Geek Maggot Bingo* was brought in by director Zedd for $8,000 and every dollar is up there on the screen.



The Mondello Curse!

I NEED MORE: The Stooges And Other Stories
by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer
(Karz-Cohl)

"Nothing great in the world has been accomplished without passion."—Hegel

Paul McAlpine

"John Cougar isn't *half the idiot* I am!!"

"We must act out passion before we can feel it."—Sartre
"Now I wanna be your dog."—Iggy Pop

Iggy Pop has long embodied and represented the human id/libido trapped in a passionless society, but another special charm has been his unique world view and philosophy. During their heyday, the Stooges were sort of like a non-intellectual version of the Doors in that Iggy depicted and laid bare the naked human psyche, and a large part of the magic from that point on has been his ability to combine the "stoopid" with the profound in his universal idiot persona.

I Need More is a series of biographical anecdotes from the polymorphous perverse prince, recorded and transcribed by Anne Wehrer, and the book—which reads like Iggy in conversation—features the same intriguing duality that can be found in Iggy's music, lyrics, statements and onstage antics. To paraphrase Marshall Crenshaw, Iggy generally never bothers with (or focuses on) the usual things, and it's both fascinating and hilarious to "hear" Iggy relate the events of his formative years right up through the Stooges' brief but legendary career. ("These guys were the laziest juvenile delinquent sort of pig-slobs ever been...We couldn't play our way through a Chuck Berry song... I love people, you know, sort of a decent young man. On the other hand, anything the Stooges would touch turned to shit.")

Not only will you find the man who's acted out some of our deepest, darkest fantasies onstage in *I Need More*, but you'll also discover James Osterberg, a sickly (asthmatic), sheltered child, raised in a Michigan trailer camp, who discovered at an early age that he "hated the bourgeoise" ("I just got a bad feeling from what I saw of bourgeois life, and I certainly didn't want to be a laborer. I just found everything around me very brutish, especially the kids at school. So I decided to gamble with music to escape from all that. I'd just die not to gamble a big gamble—something natural, something you could touch and grasp"). All the earliest details are here from his first sexual encounters to his first drug experience (an intentional overdose of asthma medication) and his first musical awakenings (the sounds of a technological environment).

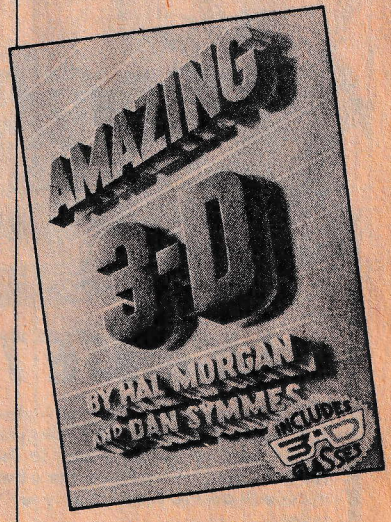
Trivia is abundant (i.e., his brief marriage, what Nico "taught" him, etc.), but what I enjoyed most were the "words of wisdom," as Iggy comments on everything from the military ("I couldn't stand the idea of being a pawn of the sick society of America, dominated by men") to "fear" ("So many people are scared of their hearts. You don't have to be scared of your heart. You just have to find a new road") to the Midwest ("it produces a lot of great minds that revolutionize, it really does") to the ultimate explanation of how he sees his role in life ("The population is akin to a bunch of illiterate Mayan descendants running around through the ruins of a once-great civilization—having no idea of the skills and the craftsmanship that went into building such a city—just playing in the ruins. Well, I don't want to play in the ruins"). And then there's just the genuinely comical ("*Who's Who In America* sent me their thing: 'Dear Mr. Osterberg, you have been selected for inclusion'... They have things like list your outstanding achievements, corporate positions held. I would have said something about my prick...").

His self-destructive tendencies are touched on briefly at various points in the book, but even though Iggy sometimes comes off as a self-indulgent asshole (let's face it—that's always been part of his persona), something positive should be said about a person who manages to transcend his own self-destructive urges (with "a methadone-golf-valium treatment"), especially in a medium that encourages such moronic behavior. And in this age where many people are finally coming to the wise realization that self-destruction is nothing to glorify or romanticize (even if the death instinct *is* part of the id), Iggy offers no excuses or apologies, other than "I was stupid enough to shoot things into my arms."

The book's design is excellent, and the photographs are exceptional. Pictures of Iggy as a baby, as a Cub Scout, with early bands and during the Stooges' *Funhouse/Raw Power* phase—not to mention drawings by both Ig and David Bowie—make *I Need More* a must for any Iggy Pop fan. The only fault the book has is that it includes very little about the later years following his '77 "comeback." Fortunately, former Detroiter Dorothy Sherman is currently in New York writing a detailed biography of Iggy, so perhaps, combined with this book, we'll have a definitive account of James Osterberg's life.

Even though I'd defend Iggy to the end for refusing to become a comic clown like most of today's "outrageous" rock pranksters (I can find at least one *great* song on each of his LPs, excepting *Zombie Birdhouse* which I haven't given much of a chance yet), it might be argued that *I Need More* is probably Iggy Pop's best "product"/statement in years.

Bill Holdship



Reality, Only Better

AMAZING 3-D
by Hal Morgan and Dan Symmes
(Little, Brown and Co.)

What it is, is 3-D's been done in by bad company. Remembered

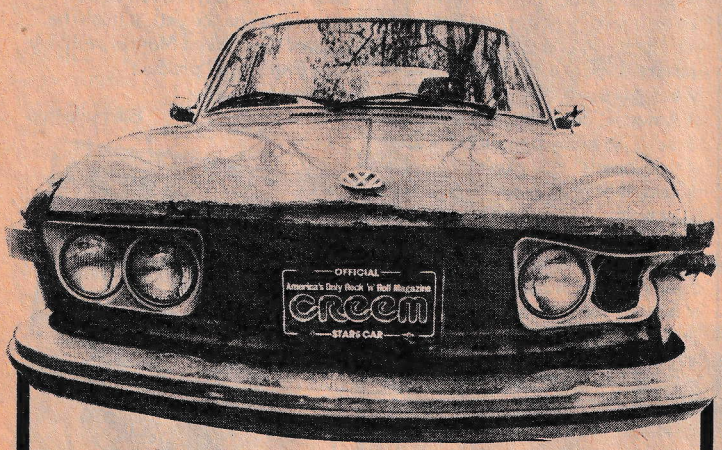
mainly as a schlock fad of the early 50's, forever tainted by its association with soporific B-movies, it's an effect that seems archetypally tacky, not only dumb but a little desperate. Actually it's a great idea that's never been given a proper chance, and one that has a history that goes back a bit further than *House Of Wax* ('53). You could, like the authors of this book, trace it back to ancient Greece where its principles were expounded by Euclid, but, even though other professional expounders took a crack at it, you'd have to wait until the 19th century before you found it being put to any good practical commercial use. With the advent of the stereoscope, a device for looking at twin photographs simultaneously thus achieving the illusion of depth, the history of 3-D faddery really begins. As often happens, the original invention was obscenely huge and had to be hoisted erect by three or four stouthearted manservants while the master of the manor languidly sipped mint tea and viewed three dimensional depictions of the latest progress on this or that canal...well, maybe not that huge, but big nonetheless, growing smaller and smaller as the device was perfected, until it disappeared altogether. The stereoscope gave way to the 20th century viewmaster, which is with us yet, a little plastic thingee into which you insert round cards with pictures of cartoon characters, or travelog stuff, or fairy tales, great fun. Aside from these two biggest of the pre-1950 3-D fads, there were also random experiments with movies, never amounting to much, as well as a vogue for 3-D cameras of the family snapshot variety just after WWII, although nobody in *my* family ever had one (and since my father was a nut for state-of-the-art entertainment gimmickry—I think we got our first TV in 1903—I wonder if maybe this book that I'm eventually going to get around to reviewing doesn't exaggerate the extent of the 3-D camera "craze" just a wee bit).

Here, then, was an effect with an almost primal ability to excite (reality, only better!) and all it was used for, with the exception of some aerial photography during WWII, was enhancing already existing "low" entertainments. Apparently, what these pre-WWII dabblers were doing was, as Euclid might have put it, dicking around with the thing rather than exerting any concentrated imaginative effort. It took the threat of television to engender any heavy 3-D action, when the movie moguls responded to the dwindling audiences caused by the small screens with their customary short-sighted greediness—why not use 3-D, not in any serious way, of course, but to

Where is Dante when you need him?

embellish the sort of B-movie bombs the public was wisely staying away from? They may not be willing to pay to see Robert Stack in a lame jungle flick when they could stay comfortably home and watch Lucy, but what if they promised "a lion in your lap!" Which is what killed 3-D's chances, seemingly forever, of becoming more than a gimmick—of the 51 movies made in 3-D during '51-'53, only four are generally agreed to be good (*House Of Wax, Kiss Me, Kate, Hondo, Dial M For Murder*), another four have their defenders (*It Came From Outer Space, The Charge At Feather River, Inferno, Creature From The Black Lagoon*), while the remaining 43 are el-stinko, ranging from the insanely inept (*Robot Monster, The Maxe, Cat Women Of The Moon*—Sonny Tufts!) through stilted "action" epics (*Sangaree, Jivaro*), doomed melodramas (*Flight To Tangier, Miss Sadie Thompson*) and a whole slew of anonymous westerns. Naturally everyone was curious about 3-D, so initial box office returns were boffo until the public caught on, rather quickly, that the movies themselves weren't going to get any better. The moguls took the resulting sharp decline in b.o. as an indication that it was time to drop 3-D anyway. And besides, everyone was getting hot about the idea of Cinemascope, a cheaper, less troublesome "revolutionary" effect which has, along with moguls and B-movies, long since gone the way of the dodo. Since this total fiasco (the movies were followed, in rise and decline, by 3-D comics) there have been a few halfhearted attempts at revival, most notably the Warhol films ("an intestine in your face!"). Recently some showings of 3-D movies on TV were very popular, but no one seems to know what do next.

This history of 3-D is related with somewhat more detail, and considerably more accuracy, in *Amazing 3-D*, a book whose main point of interest is that it features a lot of actual 3-D news photos, movie stills, and comic book excerpts, done in the two-color analglyphic style, easy-to-use glasses provided. These analglyphs are intriguing although there is no illusion of "reality," even in the photographs, since the depth in the pictures is between groupings of distinctively flat objects—still, the effects potential is glimpsed, if not as an apex of reality, then as a possibly more expressive artistic tool. The text is crammed with the names of inventors, inventions, and dates, perhaps too much so for the non-hobbyist (I found the first third of the book, dealing with steroscopes, viewmasters, and cameras, endless) but I only spotted one mistake—Robert Flaherty didn't direct *This Is Cinerama* ('52), possibly because he was dead at the time—which is pretty good for this sort of survey. And at least as



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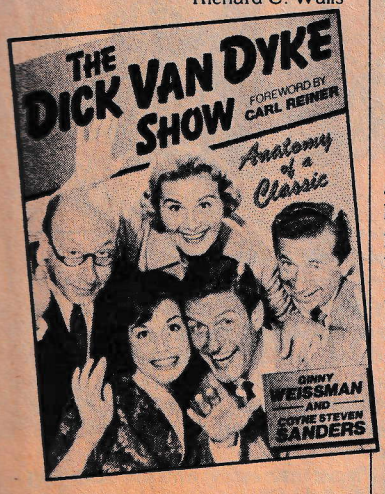
interesting as the pictures are the not-in-3-D movie ads wherein the hucksters unselfconsciously hype the gullible '50s public (doesn't it seem like people were a lot stupider back then? no?) E.g., *Man In The Dark* offers new "scene-sations," a picture of Jane Russell thrusting her mighty talent at the audience in *The French Line* has the tagline "J.R. in 3-D—need we say more?," an ad for "Inferno" shows the audience so overwhelmed by the 3-D effect (though none of them are wearing 3-D glasses—?) that a few of them are looking backwards over their shoulders to catch it all and, in a burst of poetic deception, *It Came From Outer Space*, whose black and white was tinted brown for dubious effect, is advertised as being in "scientifically perfected eye-resting Full-Sepia Mono-Color!" Aw right!

All told not bad, though the book's price is a little steep, especially for the chintzy book club edition I ended up with (hey, it doesn't have to be bound in virgin fawn foreskin but this aggressively ugly colored cardboard, which wrinkles and curls if exposed too long to ordinary lamp light, seems to go beyond the call of reasonable recession-era thrift). Anyway, reading this book one gets the impression that 3-D has only been timidly exploited and that its reputation as a lost cause is undeserved—if, a couple of thousand years after Euclid, the best anyone can come up with is *Comin' At Ya*, then obviously nobody's really trying. Amazing.

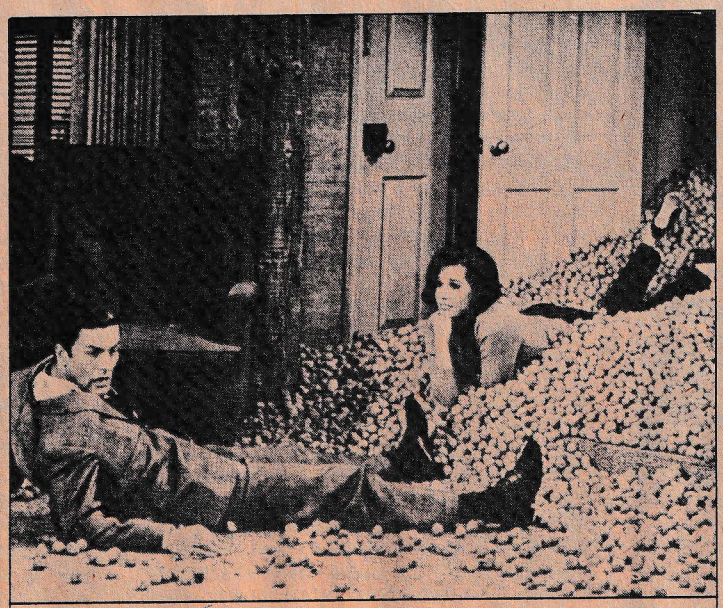
Richard C. Walls



Walnuts Over New Rochelle

THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW: Anatomy Of A Classic
By Ginny Weissman and Coyne Steven Sanders
(St. Martin's Press)

In these Z-laden days of television situation comedies that,



This scene makes Rick's walnuts *hot!*

instead of going for your funny-bone's throat, would rather "stink to please" (as one critic put it), the operative viewing factor is not so much what you watch, but what you don't turn off. This is *comedy* we're talking about, after all, so let's get *serious*.

Virtually none of today's sitcoms are what you'd call epic, classic, or very much better than cluster headaches. *M*A*S*H* is over, *Taxi* is doomed and the best of the new ones (*Cheers, A-Team*) are no big deal.

So when it comes to selecting the "greatest" sitcoms in TV history, all of the candidates are items from the Way-Back Machine: *The Honeymooners, Leave It To Beaver, Mary Tyler Moore Show, Jane Froman's U.S.A. Canteen* and, of course, the *Dick Van Dyke Show*.

The main brain behind DVD was a former Sid Caesar crony, Carl Reiner. In 1959, he put together a pilot he called *Head Of The Family*, featuring the same basic format as *DVD* but with different actors. When it later became apparent that Reiner would be better off behind the scenes, a search for the best Rob Petrie turned up two prime candidates: Broadway whiz Dick Van Dyke and a young Nebraskan comic by the name of Johnny Carson. *Whew*, close call!

When Dick was finally convinced to take the part, the other characters were then hand-picked by Reiner and co-creator Sheldon Leonard. Cagey comedy vets Rose Marie and Morey Amsterdam were the first to be signed-up, followed by actor/director Jerry Paris (spotted while *eating a hotdog* at a Dodgers game), Jerry's best friend's wife, Ann Morgan Guilbert and an obscure 23-year-old actress known best for her characterization of Happy Hotpoint, a tiny burner sprite who danced on stove tops in appliance commercials, Mary Tyler Moore.

DVD was anything but a smash hit. Up against popular favorites like *Bachelor Father, Laramie* and *Perry Como*, it was almost cancelled after the first season. But Leonard, refusing to give in, lined up a new sponsor and made a few changes in the show itself. "We put a pair of *balls* on Rob Petrie," Leonard himself says. Better than a pair of ceramic windmill salt and pepper shakers! Anyhoo, the show clicked and remained a hit for four more seasons.

The best thing about *DVD* was the characters: Mel Cooley, eternally abused producer and brother-in-law of the star; cynical comedy writers Sally Rogers and Buddy Sorrell (the human one-liner machine); Jerry and Millie Helper, my own all-time favorite wacky neighbors, and Rob and Laura Petrie, best described by Sheldon Leonard as "the first pair on TV that may be having some fun in the hay."

Whoa—I'm so gushed-out, I almost forgot this is a *book* review. And what a top-notch book this is, packed solid with historical, anecdotal and character info. Not to mention excellent pix and stills and an episode guide indispensible to the *Van Dyke* fanatic.

Buzzing through the episode guide is even more fun than vacuuming ping pong balls or taking a class in Reverse Proctology. The one show *everybody* remembers is "It May Look Like A Walnut!," where Rob, "under the influence of science fiction," gets the idea that aliens from the planet Twylo—who have three eyes, no thumbs and *no imagination*—are taking over Earth with the help of doctored walnuts. When it comes to sex on TV, the sight of Laura rolling out of the closet on 1,100 pounds of walnuts permanently warmed the *author's* walnuts at a formative age. Even today, I consider nutcrackers to be a cruel and unusual utensil.

Then there's "Never Bathe On Saturday," where the Petrie's second honeymoon is ruined when Mrs. P. gets her toe stuck in the bath spout; "Pink Pills And Purple Parents," in which Laura, nervous about meeting Rob's parents for the first time, pops a couple of Millie's *calmatives*, flips out and ends up eating dessert off the floor Cherri Boone-style and many more. *All* of 'em, if you ask me.

How about a little trivia before we unlock the blocks? *Did U. Know*: Petrie was originally pronounced "pee-tree" in the pilot?; that the rock-in-the-basement episode was based on Carl Reiner's actual home?; that the Twylo story inspired rookie director Jerry Paris to create Mork from Ork years later?; that the live audience often laughed so hard that sound engineers had to "doctor them down?;" that in 1974, there were 55,000 radios in use in Botswana?

Of course you didn't. If you want more fax, run out and buy this book right now! It's only $9.95! I'd go on forever, but I have some very important brain death I want to accomplish. Now.

Rick Johnson

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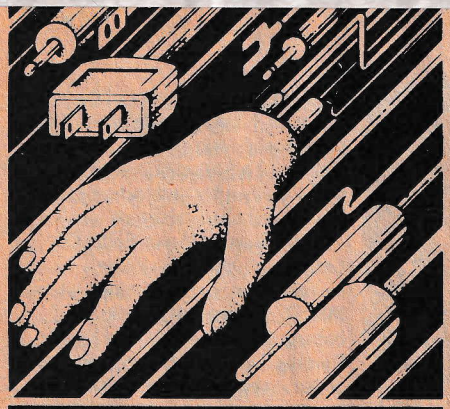

REWIRE YOURSELF™

The Sound Evolution

by Richard Robinson

It's not that I want to make you nervous about the stereo system you've spent your hard earned money on, but in all probability the sound coming out of your stereo isn't anywhere near what you should actually be hearing, or even close to what's actually been recorded on the record or tape you're playing.

A harsh assessment of current audio technology, but the truth is that most of the stereo components available to music listeners tend to color the sound (read "distort" for "color") instead of reproducing it faithfully. Most turntables, tape players, preamplifiers, amplifiers and speakers impose conscious limitations on prerecorded sound.

In fact, the very term "high fidelity" remains an anachronism, since sound technology has yet to reach a point where completely accurate recording and reproduction of sound is possible. The process by which sound is captured, duplicated and then reproduced as an electronic signal by electro-mechanical devices makes true "fidelity" practically impossible.

Fortunately, the human ear and brain adjust extremely well to reproduced sound, in the same way the eye and brain adjust to TV as life. So by and large, music listeners aren't consciously aware that what they're hearing isn't what is actually being played be it through their Sony Walkman or their state-of-the-art stereo component system.

Efforts are being made to create stereo components that provide accurate reproduction of sound. Some of these high technology components are revolutionary, some are exotic, and all are necessarily expensive since they embody a conscious effort to do something right regardless of cost. Not surprisingly, it's smart American manufacturers who are in the forefront of the search for fidelity, since Japanese manufacturers are much more interested in mass production quotas and making plastic look like metal.

One area where a considerable amount of research and development has produced some remarkable results is speaker technology. Just about anyone can glue together a wooden box, cut a hole in one side, screw in a loudspeaker and ship it to your local stereo retailer. In fact, there are dozens of manufacturers who do just that. But there are also a handful of manufacturers whose aim continues to be the development of the speaker into a device that provides absolutely faithful sound reproduction.

Among those who are working to introduce true fidelity into the stereo sound business is Electro-Voice. They have just announced two new speakers that promise to make records and tapes sound even better (or at least sound like they're supposed to). This is their CD series, the CD Model 35i and the CD Model 35. Of course, the cost of these speakers is significant—the CD 35i retailing at $750 per speaker, the CD 35 at $550 per speaker—but the pressure on your ears make them worthy of serious consideration by anyone who wants to genuinely enjoy stereo sound.

To achieve these advances and evolution in speaker sound, Zoss says that E-V has completely re-engineered the tweeter assembly. They've beefed up the magnetic structure, using new materials, and rebuilt the cross-over circuit, making sure that the tweeter, mid-range, and woofer give smooth frequency reproduction no matter what particular sound you're listening to or where you want to stand to hear it.

The result are speakers with rather startling specifications. A box design (with angled front corners), the CD's are 32" high, 21" wide, and 10½" deep. They're what Zoss modestly calls "terribly efficient" and what we'd call "unbelievable" with only 3.6 watts needed to get sound out of them, yet they can handle up to 100 watts of continuous power and peaks of 400 watts. Phase problems have been eliminated, and a frequency response of 40-30K means everything on the record or tape can be reproduced by the speakers. And when I say "everything," I mean all the harmonies and harmonics that add life and color to the sound will come out of these speakers and not get lost. The result for your ear is a more lifelike sound, with clarity and detail. In fact, as Zoss accurately points out, you'll "hear things you never heard before." And remember: these things are sitting on your records waiting to be heard.

The Electro-Voice CDE Model 35i Speaker: Not revolutionary but evolutionary.

"These speakers aren't revolutionary, but evolutionary," says Tom Zoss, Electro-Voice's Marketing Manager for Hi-Fi Products. "We're bringing to the consumer market something we've been selling to the professional market for a year and a half."

Zoss explains the basic problem with most mass produced speakers by pointing out that the CD speakers produce "essentially full frequency sound at over 100 degrees of dispersion." This means that no matter where you stand or sit in front of the speakers or what kind of room you put them in, you'll actually hear what the speakers are doing. This, by the way, is not the case with many speakers, most having very limited angles of dispersion and are severely affected by their placement, the result being that they usually sound much better when you hear them in the stereo store than they do when you buy them and bring them home.

What's most interesting and encouraging about these E-V CD speakers is that they are indeed "evolutionary." They have been designed to solve the basic problems that confront any speaker, not by radical ideas, but by workmanlike efforts to refine what's good about the box speaker and improve existing drawbacks.

Of course, you may not be in a position to spend $1,500 or even $1,100 on a pair of speakers. But if you're interested in what recorded music can sound like, you might stop by your local stereo equipment retailer and give a listen to the CDs. It could turn out to be a surprising experience.

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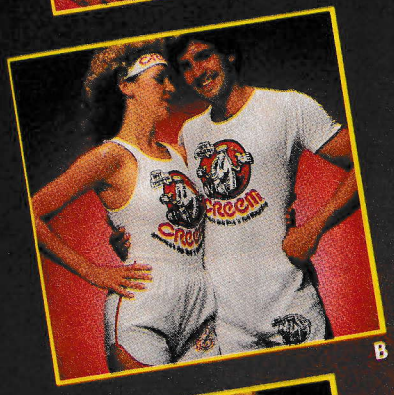

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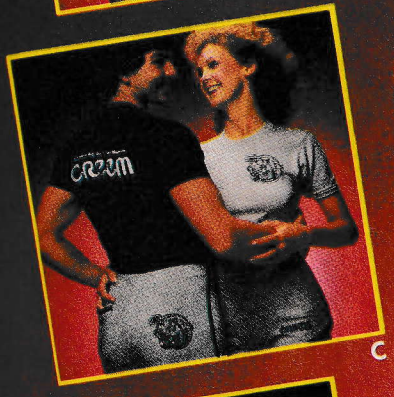

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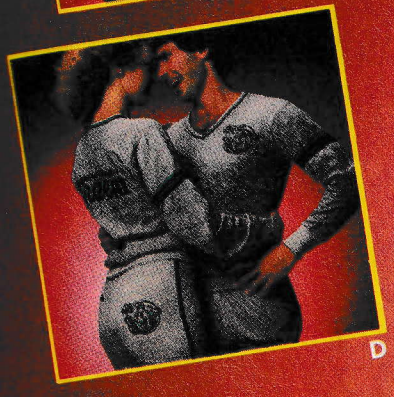
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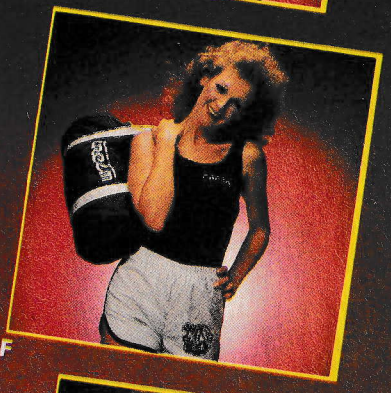
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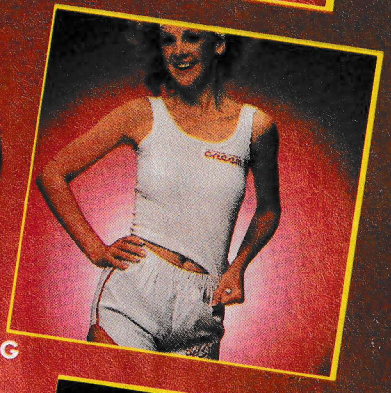
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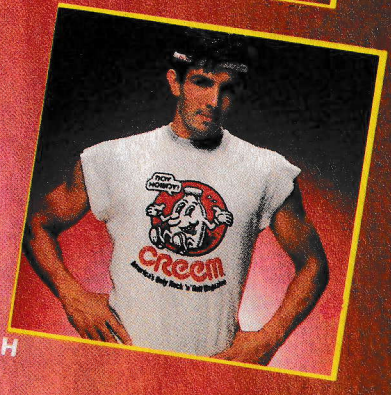

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Kathy Valentine

"I just felt the *urge*," says Go-Go Kath, explaining why she's washing her late '50s Ford in a *miniskirt*. "You know, I've *never* been one to flaunt fashion...I guess I really don't have a good excuse. But I'll tell ya, the denim *really* spreads the wax well, y'know?" Well, at least you have the right shirt on..."Yeah, but you know ol' Boy—he's just *destined* to leave skidmarks on *my* heart!" Don't worry, Kath, *our* lips are sealed, haw haw—hey, *watch that hose!!!*

photo by Robert Matheu

RECORDS

MELTDOWN, ANYONE?

STYX
Kilroy Was Here
(A & M)

by J. Kordosh

Meet The Premise. Rock 'n' roll has been banned from this good green Earth by your usual bunch of hypocrites. Woe is everyone. Along comes Kilroy, the last of the great rock stars, to prove good is stronger than not-so-good. Toss in some half-an-entendre characters named Jonathan Chance (good guy) and Dr. Everett Righteous (bad guy) for extra staying power. Set the whole mess to music, or anything else halfway reasonable. Make it an album. Sell it to anyone stupid enough to regard this as any more of a legitimate moral statement than a full-court press. Invest your earnings wisely.

Well, there's your latest Styx boombah. Yeah, the old cockroach in the spaghetti, the aggravating little concept album. Even though this plot is so thin you'll need a micrometer to measure it, Styx—everyone's favorite imaginary band—manages to screw it up. There's really no doubt that these clowns would be over their heads in a teacup, let alone trying to grapple with big-league issues like no mo' rock. They're so insecure about their so-called idea that they've included a written history of the Kilroy saga, just in case you have as little imagination as they do. Of course, if you really want to suffer, join the working press and get a gander at their promo efforts to justify this shocking waste of vinyl; e.g., "We want *Kilroy Was Here* to mean something." Bold words, huh?

As for the bad news, much of the album is somewhat pleasant to listen to. In fact, if you can divorce your consciousness from what the men of Styx mistake for lyrics, you might actually enjoy some of the noise these very earnest musicians generate. This will happen, of course, on the first listen and then again when any six planets are in alignment, but what the hell. We're not talking about Toto here.

To be more merciful than these fools deserve, consider the following. One, it's an album a 12-year-old might enjoy. Two, it's a quick REM-fix without going through the irksome mechanics of sleep. Three, James Young sings like a sappy Iggy Pop, which gives us insight into sappy to the second power. Four, any band that proposes to "start a rockin' nation" at this late date deserves the Nobel Prize for Shamelessness. Five, the next Rush album's gonna sound like a million bucks.

The Big Joke, of course, is that after listening to *Kilroy*, banning rock 'n' roll not only sounds logical, but mandatory. I, for one, anticipate the event with some relish.

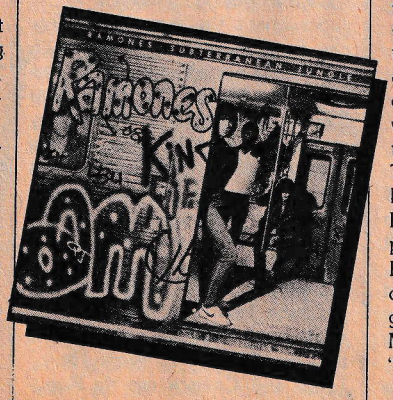
The next album? *Cutting Our Lead Guitarist's Hair, Just Because...*

RAMONES
Subterranean Jungle
(Sire)

The Ramones have made such smart rock 'n' roll for us for so long that we obviously owe 'em a whole two weeks' vacation with pay by now, and *Subterranean Jungle* is it. Not that their new album abandons any of the post-gabba smarts that've made the Ramones America's (uncrowned) Beatles for more years than David Lee Roth's been snorting peroxide, but *Subterranean Jungle* is just so *relaxed* as Ramones LP installments go that it may even be as recklessly innocent as their first couple albums were in their times.

The Ramones wanted the airwaves real bad by 1980 or so, and didn't hesitate to say so in the twin blockbusters of *End Of The Century* and *Pleasant Dreams*, albums so packed with pushy rock intelligence that not only did the targeted hall monitors of the airwaves largely ignore 'em, but even some fans sympathetic to the Ramones suffered data-overload blankouts in confronting these records.

Subterranean Jungle relaxes the airwaves-assault, sporting a song collection that's not uneven but rather just disarmingly random in



structure. The breathless Ramonesian whoom-zoom programming's pretty much intact, but somehow the individual cuts seem much more ready to leap out of their rhythm-crunch contexts than ever before. The glossy laissez-faire production by Ritchie Cordell and Glen Kolotkin (similar to Graham Gouldman's on *Pleasant Dreams*) could contribute to that effect, but *Subterranean Jungle* is new for the band in other ways, too.

For starters, there are three whole cover versions, all placed at or near the beginnings of the sides: the Music Explosion's "Little Bit O' Soul," the Chambers Bros.' "Time Has Come Today" (suitably Ramoneadelicized, of course), and Bobby Dee Waxman's "I Need Your Love." Softened up by these diverse "outside" voices, the listener is ripe to receive the most discrete internal Ramones yet. We didn't pay much attention at the time, but *Pleasant Dreams* was the first Ramones record to reveal individual composer credits, after all those other sets of theoretically group-penned tunes, and *Subterranean Jungle*'s looser structure really points up the difference between a (now-he's) "Joe" Ramone song and a Dee Dee Ramone song. For the long-time Ramones fan, the effect feels as spooky as when the Doors went to individual credits on *Soft Parade*, and suddenly many of the "obviously" Morrisonian songs turned out to be Krieger's, and vice-versa, while Manzarek's weren't anywhere at all.

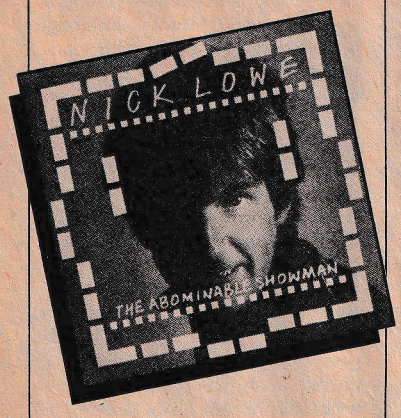
Based on the composer revelations of these two latest Ramones albums, it now seems to me that Dee Dee could well be the "punk" conscience of the Ramones, something I'd never suspected while lead mouth Joey R. was Forest Hills-drawling out all their lyrics for them. Big deal, yeah, but by seventh-album time it might be nice to start getting to know the lone-Ramone quirks better. The band's two chief tunesmiths check in on *Subterranean Jungle* with what I take to be characteristic songs for them, Joe with the self-explanatory "Everytime I Eat Vegetables It Makes Me Think Of You" (pretty well fingering himself as the true author of all the Ramones songs about mental hospitals and neoNazism, the eternal East Berlins of Joe's paranoiac-critical mind), and with the romance-is-gotta-lie-just- outside- my-lower-Manhattan-windows optimism of "My-My Kind Of A Girl."

While Dee Dee, undoubtedly one more classically-misunderstood bassist, contributes songs which are both slightly less upmarket and slightly more sensual than Joe's. Dee Dee in effect self-parodies the whole Ramonesian proleburban ethic in "Outsider," "Time Bomb,"

and "Somebody Like Me" ("I am just a guy who likes to dress punk," he claims in the latter), three exercises so slick you may not even notice Dee Dee's stunning urban-love poem, "In The Park," so tumbling-melodic concise that it sounds almost Blakean next to say, Springsteen's rococo romances. Quoth Dee Dee: "Like I am all messed up/When the fire flies glow." Like that's *it*, man, he's got the real thing down for the ages in one brief Ramonespeak couplet! Or check "Highest Trails Above," where Dee Dee waxes poetidelic in an "airplane song" like those from the Who's peak: "Sinking into the stars/Diving in for a swim."

Like I am all messed up when Dee Dee Ramone starts to glow as a provocative lyricist, he's not *just* the Pete Rose of rock 'n' roll (ever-shorter haircuts notwithstanding), and I'm inspired enough to hop back to *Pleasant Dreams* and Dee Dee's "You Sound Like You're Sick," a *now*-I-hear-its-brilliance song so great it should be given 20 Grammies for its title alone. Which is not to say that I don't love Johnny and Marky and, of course, Joe Ramone (still my man even if he's gone superstar on us by sporting *knee fabric* in his 28 x 42 straightleg jeans these days) as much as ever. It's just that it's springtime in America, time to let your gabba be gabba all over again!

Richard Riegel



NICK LOWE
The Abominable Showman
(Columbia)

As the nastiness and gleeful perversity that was the undercurrent of Nick Lowe's glib approach to pop starts to wear away, what we've left with are word-and-genre games. He's undeniably clever at them, but it's like the cleverness of a talk show host; Lowe seems amiable enough on *The Abominable Showman*, even to the point of letting his guests help set the tone (Paul Carrack's Motown/soul inclinations affect Noise To Go much as Dave Edmunds' archivist-rocker personality contibuted to the shape of Rockpile), and he punctuates the proceedings with wit. But he has one eye on the studio clock, ready to shuffle his cards and get on to the next segment, eager to keep things rolling. He sounds disengaged.

Nick only likes *short* people!

Lowe's pretty much stripped his pop of the impurities that brought *Pure Pop For Now People* to life, has abandoned the precise character delination and story-telling detail that made "I Knew The Bride" his greatest (maybe his only great) modernization of '50s rock, and has become disarming to a fault. Slapdash dexterity is the point, not lasting imprint: the showman moves on fleet feet, and that's not all bad. Lowe can be offhand ("You are so okay," he tells his long-distance lover on "Wish You Were Here"; for this she accepted the charges?) in an appealing way, his adeptness at stylistic hopscotch (some would call it melody-larceny) is always good for a few rounds of cite-the-source, and "Raging Eyes" and "Saint Beneath The Paint" are a couple of his supplest rockers since *Seconds Of Pleasure*.

So what's the complaint? How can you get sore at a hacksmith who can knock off a piece of tin pan alley gee-whizzery ("How Can You Talk To An Angel") and sing/murmur it as though he were strolling through a Paramount backlot with visions of Audrey Hepburn floating through his moon-addled mind? Who can claim immunity to the craftsmanship of such lines as "a tart without a heart that's what she ain't/she can't face the saint beneath the paint"? Who really cares that on "Wish You Were Here," Lowe and Carrack are no Kendricks and Ruffin?

If I plead susceptibility to the likes of the tunes mentioned above, to the "Bring It On Home To Me" strings-and-piano arrangement of "Paid The Price" (one of two non-Lowe compositions), even to the chilly reggae "Cool Reaction," that doesn't mean I give Nick The Knife (aka Jesus Of Cool) carte blanche. Too much of *The Abominable Showman* (why don't we just call him "Nickname" Lowe, like the hapless rookie Damur in Philip Roth's *The Great American Novel*, and be done with all this persona-modeling?) is either too lazy—"We Want Action" and "Tanque-Rae" (a girl who's intoxicating, I guess) start nowhere and go nowhere, and "a bit of feminine distraction" seems unduly coy a request even from so covert a letch as N.L.—or too strained. Nothing as awkward as last LP's "Underneath my shirt, my heart hurts," mind you, but nothing as savvy as "(I Love The Sound Of) Breaking Glass" either.

Lowe probably broke into a grin at the contemplation of a song called "Time Wounds All Heels," and who wouldn't? Not Elvis Costello, not Tilbrook & Difford, not even (on a slow day with an LP track to fill and musicians already booked) Smokey Robinson. Once the platitude-inversion is set up, however, co-writers Lowe, Carlene Carter and Simon Climie let it sit there and coo over it, instead of coming up with a suitable song to put it in. Or take "Man Of A Fool," which comes on the heels of "Heels." In order to get to the payoff/title, Lowe takes a songwriting equivalent of the Chisum Trail: "For every woman who ever made a fool of a man, there's a woman made a..." Really not worth the trip, except for the scenery provided by Carrack's organ playing. Then there's "Chicken and Feathers." She gets the former, he gets the latter, and has to eat crow to boot.

Unlike Smokey's method of twisting and varying common phrases, finding metaphors that expand his notions about romantic imbalance, lust, or devotion, Lowe's detachment keeps his songs from sticking, and his self-effacement as a singer tacks on more emotional distance. It's only lines and licks, some pithier and catchier than others. You could say that you don't turn to Nick Lowe for depth, and that's true enough: he wants to be facile; it's part of the scheme. That 's entertainment, and all that. No strenuous argument here, except to note that for Lowe, crueler is very often cooler.

Mitchell Cohen

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
A Child's Adventure
(Island)

No, there's not another "Why D'Ya Do It" on this album, so anyone looking for another anger fix will have to look elsewhere. "Why D'Ya"'s classic mix of bile and bitchiness in the face of betrayal helped make *Broken English* a comeback album with staying power, but it also led to the obvious question of "Whaddya gonna do for an encore?"

Making a comeback in rock 'n'

"Good God. 'Mr. Roboto.' Why didn't *I* think of that?"

NOT JUST A TEMPORARY THING

LOU REED
Legendary Hearts
(RCA)

by Billy Altman

Although it might seem somewhat odd to bring up a word like maturity when discussing Lou Reed's new album, *Legendary Hearts*—we are, after all, speaking here of the person who almost singlehandedly originated post-adolescent rock, and that was over 15 years ago—there's just no getting around the fact that the songs on this fine record find Reed's vision of both himself and his surroundings entering what is, for lack of a better phrase, a new age. Last year's *The Blue Mask*, signaled, perhaps above all else, an honest musical rededication; Reed's collaboration with guitarist Robert Quine and bassist Fernando Saunders provided what was easily the most cohesive and sympathetic backdrop for Lou Reed songs since, I guess, the demise of the Velvets.

But *The Blue Mask* also documented, at times almost painfully so, the extent to which the gap between Reed's opposing natures had widened. At one end was a newly affirmed romanticism and an increasing desire to become the suburban homebody, the "Average Guy" enamored of "Women" extolling the virtues of "My House"; at the other, the fingernail-on-the-blackboard street-related tensions of the title track, "Gun" and "Waves of Fear" reveled in the erotic fascination of life's decadent, violent underbelly. Not that this was anything new for Lou Reed—you can go back, all the way back to square one, put "I'll Be Your Mirror" under column A and "Venus In Furs" under column B and start tallying away. But in the main, it was the sound of the band that gave the record its calming unity and intertwined textures—this really could have been the work of two different writers, and no Lou Reed album had ever been that obviously schizoid and strangely without conflict while being so.

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

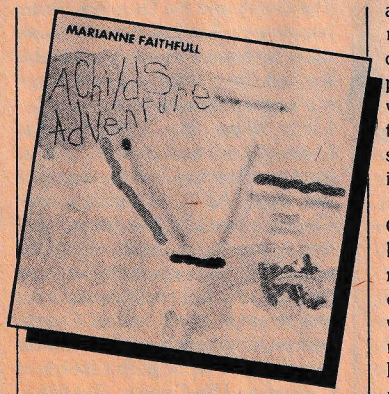
"Ok, so now there's *two* old ladies walking down the street, and..."

Legendary Hearts certainly has its share of both conflict and confusion, but the great change that's taken place (and this is where the notion of maturity enters the picture) is that Lou Reed has finally accepted the fact that each of his separate, seemingly warring, factions reside on the same side of the fence. This is not an acceptance without ongoing problems: "Make Up Mind" finds his questioning and indecisive about absolutely everything. "Right or left/Up or down/In or out/Straight or round/Love or lust/Rain or shine/I can't seem to make up my poor mind," he sings. Elsewhere, on songs like "The Last Shot" and "Bottoming Out," Reed takes a good hard look at his self-abusive past, trying on the former, to explain the difficulties of staying out from underneath that bottle ("When you quit, you quit, but you always wish you knew it was your last shot") and on the latter trying to exorcise the repeated death wish feelings while out on a motorcycle.

What has brought all these thoughts to the forefront on the songs on *Legendary Hearts* is the emerging moral edge evident throughout Reed's observations here. Nowhere is it more clearly delineated that on the album's centerpiece, "Home of the Brave," where he must come to grips with the deep responsibilities of relationships and love—one must, after all, be brave to be home and, vice versa. Though the song runs through familiar Reed terrain—the cast of characters in the first few verses come straight from "Oh! Sweet Nothing" or "Walk On The Wild Side," the twist comes at the end: "The stars are hiding in their clouds/The street lights are too bright/A man's kicking a woman/Who's holding his leg tight/And I think suddenly of you/And blink my eyes in fright/And rush off to the home of the brave." For Reed, love is obligation, not illusion. As he states on the title track, there are no Romeos to call upon. "No legendary love is coming from above," he sings, "It's in this room right now." As always, Lou Reed is in it for some kind of keeps, and *Legendary Hearts* reflects a new commitment. The kind of commitment that could be indicative of an artist coming into a brand new kind of prime.

roll is rough, but it's nothing compared to the task of sustaining interest after that comeback is made. Familiarity undermines any underdog status an artist might have; people seem to get tired of you quicker the second time around. And the "determined survivor" persona gets old in a hurry if you don't have something unique to say about your survival.

Marianne Faithfull does, but here she's often a bit oblique about it and the music itself rarely adds much punch or focus. She uses a combination of her regular sidemen and the Compass Point All Stars, but without Sly & Robbie taking charge of the bottom the rhythms don't rebound around like they ought to. Guitarist Barry Reynolds and keyboard player Wally Badarou help out with both the songwriting and production, but the results are kinda topheavy. The one time they



hit a groove, on "The Blue Millionaire," it comes off sounding like a tame remake of the one they gave Grace Jones on "The Apple Stretching."

The rest of the album consists of ballads, some strong, some so-so. The filler's easily skipped over, but a song like "Falling From Grace" is more frustrating to deal with: the choruses are concerned with the packaging of beauty while the verses detail the emotional turmoil that results from it, but the damn song is played so perfunctorily, that it loses much of its potential impact.

More effective is "Running For Our Lives," whose grace and honesty show the lie in most pop/rock outlaw fantasies: "Running for our lives/At least we're pretending we are/Running for our lives/We never get very far." "She's Got A Problem" works equally well, an understated alcoholic's lament, made all the more moving when you realize it was contributed by Marianne's main man, Ben Brierley.

Overall then, this LP is kinda uneven, but the acoustic strengths of "Problem" and the preceding "Ireland" may point to a new direction for Faithfull. Hell, her roots *are* in folk music and her writing does lend itself to a direct approach, so why not? Hmmm. I wonder if Richard Thompson is looking for another female foil these days...

Michael Davis

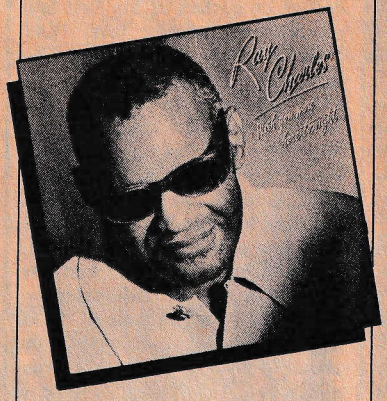
RAY CHARLES
Wish You Were Here Tonight
(Columbia)

A lot of people who obviously don't know better have been dismissing this record, Ray Charles' first country LP since 1970, and only his second in 20 years, with a snide wave of the jejeune hand. No big deal. Ray has survived a lot worse than a couple of inches of ignorance in *Rolling Stone*...and is doing quite well, thank you. So, in point of fact, is *Wish You Were Here Tonight*.

Ray's renewed southern strategy

is already bearing interesting fruit. In March, at the Country Music Association's 25th anniversary bash, a gushy orgy that featured everybody from rugged Ron Reagan beebling about the music of "good, God-fearing Americans" to Kenny Rogers to Minnie Pearl to Alabama to Willie Nelson, *Ray Charles* closed the show. Seated center stage at his piano, with a cast of thousands arrayed around him, Charles reconstructed "America the Beautiful" almost as dazzlingly as Marvin Gaye, CBS' other major free agent signing, had refashioned our national anthem at the NBA All-Star game. As Buddy "Changes" Miles once mused, with the power of soul, *anything* is possible.

What is most immediately possible is that Ray Charles can be the rock upon which CBS could build a whole new wing of its country operation. The duet albums alone could move petrochemicals for years to come: Ray & George Jones—*Deep Feeling at the True Pang Saloon*; Ray and Merle Haggard—*Rich*



Insinuations. And, of course, the oft-suggested Ray meets Willie—*In A Mellow Mood*, followed by *Our Favorite Things* and *Frank: We Love You Madly*. Throw in a sentimental Christmas sampler and a sacred Sunday Super Session and CBS Nashville should be happy and busy through 1985. And it's all strictly Kosher because Ray Charles was country when Barbara Mandrell wasn't cool.

Wish You Were Here Tonight, the first domino to fall, proves beyond question that Ray Charles is not only one of the master singers on the planet, but that he can record his own voice brilliantly, too. Voices actually, since he also takes care of all the backing vocals on the album as well. Why pay the Anita Kerr Singers when you can do it better yourself? (I do miss Miss Margie Hendricks from time to time, but then I'm a fan.)

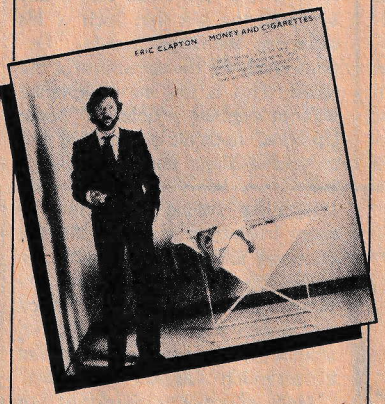
The first single, "Born To Love Me," a sweet "Shine On" kind of song, is the fourth best track on the record. The hot three conveniently precede it on side one: "¾ Time," a relaxed, whimsical Tony Joe White song, "I Wish You Were Here Tonight," wherein Charles' big voice demolishes the consensual constraints of the genre, and an old Merle Haggard hit, "Ain't Your Memory Got No Pride At All," which Ray punctuates with selections from his perfect catalog of gospel moans and shouts.

There are some very good songs on *Wish You Were Here Tonight* and there's some extraordinary musical craftsmanship on display as well. But perhaps the best thing about this record is that there's so much more where it came from. Here's to new beginnings.

Jeff Nesin

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

Occasionally Eric is overcome by an urge to play "Tales Of Brave Ulysses" *all night!*



ERIC CLAPTON
Money And Cigarettes
(Duck/Warner Brothers)

Eric Clapton has not been seriously mistaken for God since 1974. But the onus of divinity is still on him like a Navy tattoo. That's why very respectable records like *Money And Cigarettes* don't seem quite as good—or as bad—as they actually are.

They seem better than they actually are because of the kids who'd rather see a used-to-be-God than one of the many hopelessly mortal. Names like Yardbirds, Cream, Blind Faith, Delaney and Derek are sacred pages from the volumes of volume; and so, of course, even Clapton's so-what solo stuff has just *got* to be super-human.

They also seem worse than they actually are because they're measured against something that Clapton never really was. What he was (and still is) is a link extraordinaire between rock and blues; *the* guitar innovator in rock's expansionist period; the father of lead *guitar*, period; and an occasionally inspired singer/songwriter. That's it. All in all, decidedly non-God.

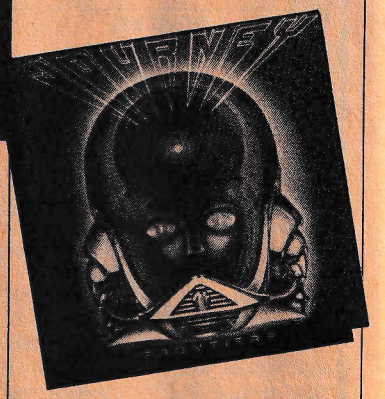
Money And Cigarettes is not bad for a non-God. Those who should know are regarding it as Clapton's best post-*Layla* work since *461 Ocean Boulevard*.

Oh yes. *Layla*. That *was* God talking. Possession was taken of a fragile soul being bashed by heroin and an obsessive love of a lifetime. The Derek and the Dominos album happened while Eric himself simply hung on and survived. It's probably the last thing against which Clapton's career should be measured.

For blues fans, *Money And Cigarettes* will be a pleasure akin to front porches and cool breezes on a hot day. As it is always with Clapton's best LPs, the treatment of the many good blues tunes is respectful, but comfortable; you can almost smell the dirty ashtrays and swamps of old coffee. Dignity and uncomplicated wisdoms make some magic, as does the match of Clapton and Ry Cooder. Dig these, especially: Johnny Otis' "Crazy Country Hop," R.G. Ford's "Crosscut Saw" ("...ah baby draggin' cross your leg"), and Sleepy John Estes' "Everybody's Oughta Make A Change." Clapton's sharpest blues original is "The Shape Your In"—only an ex-loadie could have made such a perfect laissez-faire condemnation of slow death suicide. Yow. God would approve.

The record does have one stretch of transcendence, a ballad called "Pretty Girl." Patti "Layla" Harrison Clapton must have crapped when she heard it. The song comes from "Bell Bottom Blues," the English madrigal, the white English blues, and more love than one little mortal can hold. Just like he does every time it really counts, God comes along and makes sure that Eric Clapton can get it out before his heart explodes.

Laura Fissinger



JOURNEY
Frontiers
(Columbia)

There I was puttin' the flivver of doom through its paces down on the local shakin' street, thinking casually about the grand neatness of the nuclear dense pack theory and the inescapable "fact" of such beings as Andre the Giant and Mr. T, when suddenly the idea for this review of the new Journey album, *Frontiers*, came loping into my consciousness like an amphetamine gazelle screaming for thorazine. (Was this a stroke of genius forming, or simply just a stroke? I couldn't figure it out.) The idea was to start the review by explaining how I'd start the review—y'know the ol' *Citizen Kane* (mirror) effect...

...After the flivver of doom cut a swath through a pool of dangerously agitated Oriental medical students, braking to a jerking halt in front of my fave boozeteria, I realized that all of that intricate thinking had caused me to fall asleep at the wheel, momentarily evoking the hallucination that I was the insoles of James Brown's shoes on a "good" night, thereby causing to become my distractioned from the ever shifting tarmac of the shakin' street. Shakin' my head in time to the street, I further realize that NO, I was not in the flivver of doom after all, but instead had just fallen out of bed and gotten into a mild bondage scene with my headphones. What was the narcotic that

almost put me into terminal nappy-land? Yup, you guessed it, the new (rimshot) Journey LP, *Frontiers*. (God how I hate to write opening paragraphs.)

Anyway, it's not that Journey is a bad, or even dull, band; in fact, they're usually just the opposite. Nor is *Frontiers* the canvas of lulled 'n' dulledisms I painted it to be in those dreaded opening graphs. Instead, it has a certain originality which occasionally takes it above the usual metaloid yawns produced by the legions of coliseum plod rockers like REO Spuzzwagon, Ferrigner, Nutzinger, etc.

But it ain't metal like so many people like to believe it to be, and I just wanted to get that straight out front. Metal has more purity of essence, more power and less slickness; Journey is a band that relies more on intensity of production and lyric than on the leatherette unconsciousness of most nouveau metal. Though I should point out that a few trad-metal bands, like Def Leppard, are beginning to cross over into Journey's turf to explore the possibilities of that next big thing: pop metal.

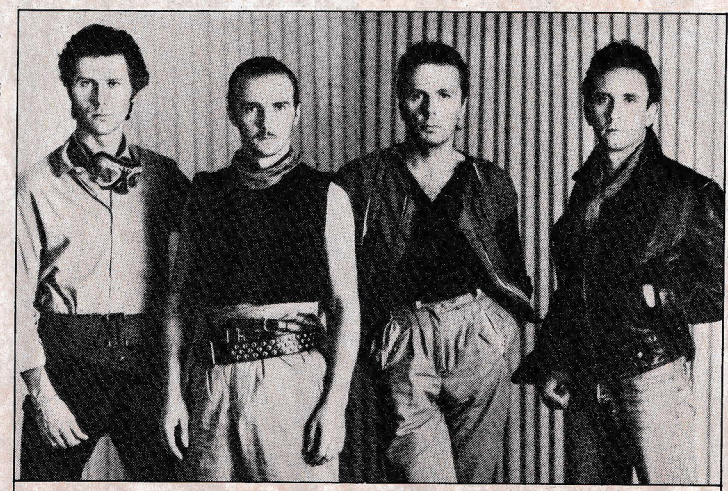
Frontiers, then, is good enough to satiate the average pop-metal plodder. The song writing prowess of Steve Perry is dominant here, especially on songs like "Rubicon" (my fave on the record) the title toon and "Edge of the Blade," with his pop proclivities coming to on tracks like "Separate Ways (Worlds Apart)" and "After The Fall." Coupled with the always intriguing playing of Neal (Hey—when-I-was-19- I- had- a- choice-between-joining-the-Stones-or-Santana) Schon and the keyboard work of ex-Baby Jonathan Cain, this album has a sneaky way of making you pay it some heed.

Of course that's only if you're a normal person and not a metal pilgrim in search of the sonic-jihad to end all sonic-jihads. Which, unfortunately, is what my lot in life is. So what's a poor metalunatic to do when everybody starts to smell like adhesive tape, and he can't think of any more ways to really want to hurt Boy George? Listen to the new Journey album, I suppose, and drift off into the sleep and dreams of the never satisfied. It's either that or going out on a quest to find the G-spot of a mastadon.

Joe (We Think It Is A Vitamin Deficiency) Fernbacher

ULTRAVOX
Quartet
(Chrysalis)

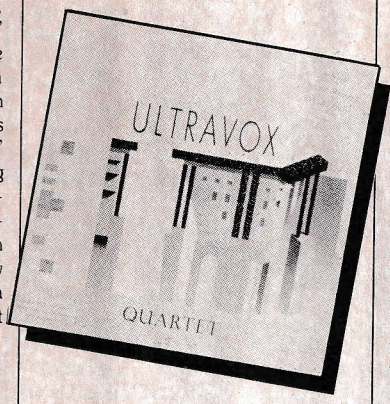
All You Need Is Synth. Producer George Martin sez these guys are the most musical band he's worked with since you-know-who. So, what'd you expect him to say... Cheap Trick? Me? I don't like Midge Ure's mustache or his muzick. And I'm not too crazy about reviewing a



Ultravox *won't rest* until Smurfette is rescued!

band's record by saying, "But you have to see their video..." What IS an Ultrvox anyway? A vacuum cleaner? Or just a vacuum?

Ultravox has been around since 1977, when new wave was still called punk. On their very first album, they dressed up in vinyl and were produced by Brian Eno, two things which more than overshadowed the tongue-in-chic dole queue synthonics of such nu world



ditties as "Satday Night In The City Of The Dead," "I Want To Be A Machine," "The Wild, The Beautiful & The Damned" and the notorious "My Sex." U. Vox's obsession with the mechanics of gloom und doom, though, diminished considerably when lead singer/robot *manque* John Foxx split and was replaced by Chinn/Chapman protege and bubble-gum crooner Midge Ure. In place of Foxx's otherworldly diffidence, the group has substituted European decadence and old world taste. Now, instead of being truly offensive, Ultravox is just plain boring.

Quartet represents the latest move toward respectability. Connie Plank, the German producer at the helm for Ultravox's last few records, has given way to George Martin, and the sound has gotten predictably homogenized. The straight-edged minimalism and razor rhythms have been blunted with (ta-dah) lush orchestration and soaring electronic cliches. And you thought the legendary producer got all that studio stuff out of his system on *Sergeant Pepper*. Wrong, Moog breath.

While limey-come-latelys like Human League, Heaven 17, Yaz and Soft Cell have translated dancefloor (and video) recognition into chart success, Ultravox has been left out in the cold. Unlike those bands, Ultravox is more in the traditional progressive Anglo-art-rock mold; the group's roots may be in Bowie and Roxy, but their dreamy evanescent side now dominates the clipped mechanical one.

Quartet tries hard to be fashionable, exotic and alluring, but its influences are way too down-to-earth and mundane. "Reap The Wild Wind" is velveeta cheese Bowie—spreadable, but none too credible. "Serenade" starts out with some promising stereoized noodlings buzzing in your brain like mosquitoes, but the effect soon gives way to a syrupy, widescreen wash that is minimal only in terms of interest. "Hymn" offers one of the LP's more hummable melodies, though its lyrical paean to the Almighty isn't even solemn enough to be ironic. If Ultravox still has a sense of humor, one would be hard-pressed to find it here.

Right now, Ultravox is caught in a bind. They can't figure out whether they want to be Magazine, Joy Division, Visage or the Nouveau Beatles. Decadence is one thing, but what's been happening to Ultravox's music is more like decay. Synthetic decay, at that.

Roy Trakin

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET
In San Francisco
(Riverside)
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
The Sextet
(Milestone)

As is so often the case, the height of the late Cannonball Adderley's critical success predated by some years the height of his popular success—by the time his monster hit "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" crossed over in '67 (a hit, not incidentally, built around Joe Zawinul's funky electric piano rather than Cannonball's bluesy bebop alto sax), most critics, as well as less obsessive members of the jazz cognoscenti, would agree that the best of Cannonball's small group recordings had already happened, in the late '50s and early '60s, on the defunct (as of '64) Riverside label. Not that the Riverside albums were obscure crit-picks—these recordings, many of them Live!, were as popular as jazz records got at that time. The group's blend of funk tunes and straight ahead bebop played before a noisily receptive audience and garnished with Cannon's droll introductory comments were among the hippest party records of their day. So, when "Mercy, etc." finally hit the old-timers nodded, barely tolerant, acknowledged that success was due but added in order to hear the real undiluted thang you had to track down and hear one of the rapidly disappearing Riverside dates. And now, thanks to Fantasy's continuing effort to reissue every jazz recording they can claim ownership to (which includes the Riverside catalog), you can. Hear them, that is.

In San Francisco is part of an especially ambitious package, the

reissue of 40 Original Jazz Classic LPs complete with their original cover art and liner notes—in this case a humorously formal portrait of the Brothers Adderley (Nat on cornet) and some sincere hype from the late Ralph J. Gleason ("might well cause the lame to walk and the halt to throw away their crutches" and so forth). Recorded at the Jazz Workshop in '59, the group is Cannonball and Nat, soul specialist Bobby Timmons on piano, Sam Jones, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums. The scene is intimate and the audience enthused as a running commentary of "aw rights," "uh huhs" and "yeahs" emerge from the underbabble, approving the group's more cogent rhythmic moves. From the opening cut, Timmons's "This Here" (un-

...AS IN DEMOGRAPHICS

PETE TOWNSHEND
Scoop
(Atco)

by Richard Meltzer

OK. Let's just get down to what this sorrowful piece of junk, basically the demo version of what could conceivably 've made it to the Who's version of *Metamorphosis* had enough of it gone beyond demos (only not that good), is *good for:* archaeology, of course. Answers two or three questions that did not previously have immediately accessible answers for bozos like you or me. Such as: how come the Who has always opted for *over*production in the guise of phonus-balonous "basic rock" *pro*duction; why has Townshend the goddam *auteur* let Daltrey carry so much of the vocal burden when he himself coulda done it just as well; what has Peter been *trying to hide*, y'know under cover of nothing-to-hide/heart-as-an-open-book. Maybe answers is the wrong word—"food f'r thought" is more like it—but that's all you get peeking into *any* Tut tomb: suggestive b.s.

Suggested by the not-half-bad demo-level production on certain cuts that *did* end up on LP's ("Circles," "Squeezebox," etc.): they never knew how to leave well enough alone, had to take viable preliminary mixes and spend lotsa time and money needlessly fleshing 'em out and making 'em "majestic." Obviously *lots* of rockers have suffered from this malady—heck, that's a big part of what the whole failed punk revolution was trying its darndest to transcend (& failed just as miserably at anyway)—so lemme get specific and *characterize* the Who's particular brand of same: they were CONSPICUOUS STUDIO OVER-ACHIEVERS (i.e., fussy consummate "professionals") who felt enough SELF-HATE AND PROFESSIONAL DOUBT to think they hadda erase all taint of garage-band *technical prowess* at the same time as making incredible ado of their hypothetical garage-band *sensibility*. Needless to say, you can't have it both ways, and especially not the double-both (y'know: down on the real and inherent, up on the fake or gratuitous).

And like there's even some mixes here ("Initial Machine Experiments," for instance, which Townshend obviously deemed so irrelevant even as playtime nada that he never even gave it a real working title) that're more daring, more *interesting*—not by much but by *some*—than just about anything they ever mixed for release. Of course they're also more *sloppy*, less *commercial*, far less demographically pigeon-hole-able—and I'd hafta be a heinous *bohemian* or something to challenge so-and-so's mainstream Anglo-American get-rich-or-something to burst orientation—but still, y'know, the fucking Who could've standed (stood?) to be an *iota* more vinylly multisonic...

No beatnik commie killjoy, however, I will not force the issue from the standpoint of commercial overkill. Will, howev, raise the spectre of rock-roll overkill for the purpose of CAMOUFLAGE: P.T. was hiding much, as he had much to hide. Listen to "You're So Clever," for inst—no, *don't* listen, just take my wd.—and you've got a Townshend who (vocally) is the Hanna-Barbera equivalent of simpy 3/4-late-period Dylan. "Melancholia": he's Lou Christie. "Bargain," "Things Have Changed," "Behind Blue Eyes," etc.: Paul Simon!

Robert Ellis

Pete plans to eventually issue *The Bathroom Sessions...*

I mean even "Magic Bus" (demo version) is really only a thinly veiled play on Simon & Garfunkel's "Mrs. Robinson"—I'm speaking of duh *music*, y'know rhythms and stuff—but let's just talk vocals f'r a while, clean up *that* whole mess, although before we even get to that lemme tell ya what as an archaeolog I have found lurking in Mr. T's secret box under cover of not darkness but all that overblown hardrock claptrap which the Who were never able to deliver credibly to ME, altho' maybe you're more tolerant and maybe that was the goddam *idea*, i.e. they were rock 'n' roll illusionists jus' like Bette Midler and Bruce Springsteen to inevitably follow. Anyway:

PETE TOWNSHEND'S SECRET—Is that he is a sap, very sappy guy (musically speaking). Which is fine, swell, OK and who give a damn—like *I* cert'ly don't, I've got fucking JOHNNY MATHIS records in my collection—but I guess you gotta go schiz if you're rock-rollin' for not just bigbucks but that elusive Hemingway ring in the sky called "male honor" or whatever crap it goes by. If you rock-roll you're Elvis (the Pelvis), if you sap it up you're Simon (the Sissy). Many have covered their ass in the former manner, but—gettin' to vocals—few have had Roger Daltrey to play the stand-in whosis. Daltrey's vocal ripoff range has never been anything to write home about—pseudo-Jagger, pseudo-Lennon/McCartney, etc.—and other'n that you'd be hard put to call him an original stylist; even Petey can pull off sounding exactly like Roger—i.e. he's mastered the same exact ripoff range (f'instance "Sunrise" on *The Who Sell Out*, a damn great song and the only time on LP *any* of 'em really let the sappiness *totally hang out*)—but it's easier all around to just let Rog be the patsy for the soft-centered stuff, especially when Rog's limited range limits the sap-vision beyond what, judging from these demos, Peter himself could've feigned forever limitwise. To wit: if he sang all (or more of) the time with the Who, Peter'd have had to inevitably spill at least some of the beans, give exposure to the inevitable Simonisms, etc., all of which occurred to him in the first place just 'cause (a) he's got more imagination than the rest of the band—including Keith—put together and (b) he's no rock-roll robot, is as sensitive as you and/or me.

Lightweight bands should *be* lightweight, what's wrong with lightweight?

helpfully described as "a waltz that is simultaneously a shout and a chant") thru the closer, an uninhibited up-tempo rendition of Oscar Pettiford's "Bohemia After Dark," the spirit never flags. This is largely "commercial" stuff but done with panache and without an ounce of detectable pandering—the commerciality comes out of a compelling rhythmatism and gritty impolite blues feeling rather than the customary blanding out of the r'n'b factor. Add to this Cannonball's prodigious technique, which allows him to effortlessly reel off rhythmically complex lines between the beats, and brother Nat's sophisticated Milesian less-is-more approach, and you have a rare-in-one-place combination of the intellecutally and emotionally (and physically) catalytic aspects of jazz... also, aside from a certain quaintness about "This Here" (funky jazz waltzes were definitely a circa '60 phenomenon), the record sounds remarkably fresh.

The Sextet, recorded '62-'63, is not a reissue but rather previously unissued concert material with almost the same group, a pre-cosmic Joe Zawinul replacing Timmons and Yusef Lateef being added on tenor and flute. These are not outtakes or rejects but cuts held back from release because they duplicate titles on other albums. Like *In San Francisco*, this one opens with "This Here" and closes with "Bohemia," tho the blowing here is a bit more adventuresome (after all, by now they'd played these tunes a few hundred times and had to keep their own interest up—like I said, no pandering). Despite having been in the can for 20 years, this is prime Adderely and all the nice things I said about the other record apply here too (and these two albums must set some sort of record for the number of quotes inserted into a series of improvised solos, an indication of the playful wit abounding here—Cannonball works "I Feel Pretty" into both of his "This Here" solos while Nat coolly places Rodgers and Hart's "Lover" into his second; Timmons' quote of "I'm Beginning To See The Light" is a highlight of his solo on Randy Weston's "hi-Fly," while Zawinul works in so-subtle-you're-not-sure-you-heard-it quote from "Buttons And Bows," no less, into his solo on Nat's original composition "Never Say Yes"; during the coda of that same song Nat starts playing a quote that sound rather poignant until you realize it's "Stars And Stripes Forever"; and on and on and on).

Needless to say—so I won't. But next time you feel the urge to indulge in the dread Chuck Mangione syndrome, i.e., you never really listen to jazz but you think you'll try it out because you're bored or curious or both, pass on the little guy with the funny hat and all those other currently popular watered-down pseudos—Benson, Washington, Jr. et. al.—and try one of these Adderley sides instead, currently available, easy to get. And if you don't like 'em, then forget it. Just forget it.

Richard C. Walls

This month's Rock-'A'Ramas were written by Billy Altman, Mitchel Cohen, Richard Grabel and Craig Zeller

FRIDA—Something's Going On (Atlantic):: Sure is, as Anni-Frid Lyngstad proves conclusively that there is, indeed, life after ABB (or is that BBA?). Frida's sharp, clear "it's still Sven 'n' Lars to me" vocal enunciations only serve to help heighten the tension on the smash title track (RUSS BALLARD?? AGAIN???); of course, that screaming-mimi guitar solo and producer Phil "How'm I doin'?" Collins' ominous Excedrin headache no. 4173 drumming don't hurt none, neither. Other highlights here include Phil's perfectly executed Robin Gibb falsetto swam dive on the Frida/Collins duet, "Here We'll Stay," a rather robust reading of Bryan Ferry's "The Way You Do," and the lilting "Threnody," with lyrics taken from a poem by the combination Joan Rivers/Lydia Lunch of yesteryear, Dandy Dot Parker. **B.A.**

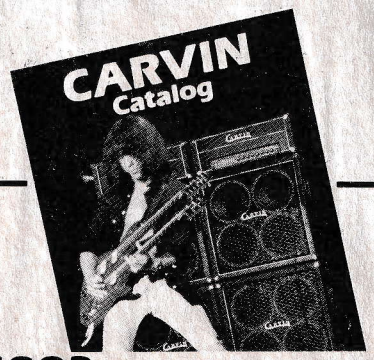
THE MORELLS—Shake And Push (Borrowed):: As the Skeletons in '81, this band made "Trans Am" the cruising anthem of the year. And while nothing on *Shake And Push* can quite surpass "Trans Am," it still gets down as The Great Lost Party Hearty LP of '82. Relying chiefly on obscure and fascinating covers (like Roy Montrell's incendiary "That Mellow Saxophone"), they deliver the goods with a maximum of uninhibited enthusiasm amidst an everpresent atmosphere of let-the-good-times-roll-roll-roll. My current faves are "Gettin' In Shape" (the definitive Gary U.S. Bonds tribute) and "Go Ahead" (sung with spring chicken fervor by pianist Maralie who's a grandma in her spare time). (Available from Borrowed Records, 2820 West State, Springfield, Missouri, 65802.) **C.Z.**

THE SPONSORS (Plexus):: You could say that looks are deceiving, except that the Sponsors' album cover doesn't even have much of that anyway, just some vague graphics and nary a mention of either song titles or band personnel. But beneath this unassuming exterior beats an impressive little record with a heart full of intensely fragile songs worn right out on the band's pop pure sleeves. Bob Kern's quirky, introspective vocals move haltingly (and I mean haltingly—this guy turns "Situation" into a 10 syllable affair) over a lean, hungry instrumental backdrop, resulting in the kind of bittersweet, troubled music that's sure to stick to any Left Banke-leaning psyche. Case in point: the haunting, caught-between-the-lines "Love I Can't Wait," with a sound so spare that its guest star tambourine seems like manna from 1966 heaven. **B.A.**

MELODY MAKERS—What A Plot (Shanachie):: Young (age 14) Ziggy Marley has something of his father Bob's commanding authority in his voice, and that authority, mixed with a pure high-pitched sweetness, makes for an incredible combination. The Melody Makers, a vocal group composed of Bob and Rita Marley's children, have oodles of teen appeal, but they're no Jamaican version of the Jackson 5—the two Bob Marley-penned songs on this 12-inch single are both serious social commentary. The B-side, "Children Playing In The Street," is actually the better song, a plaintive, bitter-sweet evocation of growing up in the ghetto that's emotionally provocative and musically irresistible. And Ziggy, if and when his songwriting comes into its own, will be a star in his own right. **R.G.**

SIC F*CKS (Sozyamudda):: The Sic F*cks are so cool, they once turned a CBGB's show into a mock hippie protest rally to the chant of "All we are saying/is give us some press." So cool that their leatherlunged lead screamer Russell Wolinsky got his big break in show business when he landed a job at the Bottom Line escorting people to their seats. So cool that if you think sidekick warble-ettes Tish and Snooky look hot in their nun's habits, wait'll they flash their custom built Burger King uniforms. So cool that they performed in that nifty splatterathon, *Alone in the Dark*, which means they actually met Jack Palance! And so cool that their slam-bang EP is easily the most refreshingly good-humored rock 'n' roll record to come out of New York in years. Five cuts, all great, from the mush-mouthed bad rap of "(Take Me To) The Bridge" and the squirming "Insects Rule My World" to the succinct "Chop Up Your Mother" (total verbiage: "Chop up your mother/Use her for meat/Chop up your mother/Don't use her feet") and the ultimate rites of passage epic, the Hava Nagilah meets the Lonely Bull "Spanish Bar Mitzvah." Couplet of the decade—"We'll invite the Garcias and the Schwartzes/Drinking Manischewitz and tequila by the quartzes." (Available from Sozyamudda Records, P.O. Box 139, Village Station, N.Y. 10014.) **B.A.**

FREDDY CANNON—14 Booming Hits (Rhino):: Freddy ("Boom Boom") Cannon, sporadic hitmaker fom '59-'66, had the disconcerting trademark of letting out a "whooo!" at every conceivable opportunity, as though someone snuck into the studio and brushed a feather duster between Freddy's legs. Cannon's strident eagerness to please could make you want to throttle him, but his records did include "Palisades Park" (by Chuck "Leave It To The Girls" Barris), such a natural chart-topper that it became a national hit even though its subject was a New Jersey amusement park; "Action" (the theme from *Where The Action Is*); "Buzz Buzz A-Diddle-It" (a chukka-chukka obscurity); and a rollicking "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans." This record has all those (but not his "Muskrat Ramble," dammit, or "Happy Shades Of Blue"), and while the world was not clamoring for a Freddy Cannon compilation, a lot of it is a couple of notches above standard Philly pop. (Cannon was a Boston boy, sponsored by legendary local deejay Arnie "woo woo" Ginberg, but recorded for Swan Records in Pa.) Tinny, shrill and crass ("Transistor Sister" gladhands radio; "The Dedication Song" drops the names of typical high schools: Lincoln, Central, Jefferson; "Beechwood City" is second hand surf stuff), *14 Booming Hits* rates a listen, if only to reacquaint you with that history teacher with the hi-fi chassis, the one, the only, Abigail Beecher. Whoooo! **M.C.**



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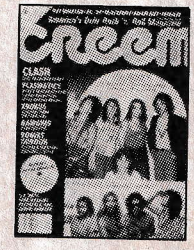

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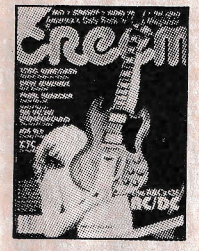

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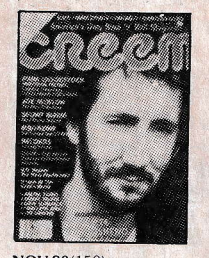

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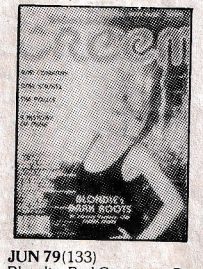

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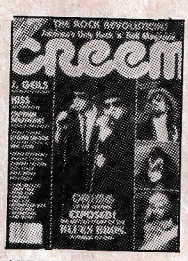
Elvis Costello, Clash, Alice Cooper, Bob Seger, Ramones Outlaws, the Who, Cheap Trick & more!



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C

LITTLE STEVEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

out Women was recorded live in the studio, with the band in a circle using monitors instead of headphones.

The band cuts a colorful ethnic hodgepodge onstage, highlighted by percussionist Monti Louis Ellison (who Van Zandt recruited from the Alvin Ailey dance troup), cavorting around in an American Indian headdress; former Plasmatics bassist Jean Beauvior (who once played with Gary U.S. Bonds, and was highly recommended by the singer); drummer Dino Danelli, who's as powerful today as he was with the Young Rascals, one of the '60s' best R&B-influenced white groups (Van Zandt mentions that a Rascals reunion still may become reality in the near future), and the Stax-oriented, five-piece (former) Asbury Jukes horn section led by Richard "La Bamba" Rosenberg, one of the most passionate dancers in rock 'n' roll today.

Musically, the show is an ethnic hodgepodge as well. It has the same feel as an Apollo R&B show of the '50s and early '60s, yet is also has the hardcore rock 'n' roll feel of, say, classic (meaning early) Stones or Who. It's especially interesting to hear the band play their own songs, old Asbury Jukes chestnuts like "I Don't Want To Go Home" and "Take It Inside," and covers of soul tunes by the likes of Marvin Gaye and Aretha Franklin, as Little Steven howls in a nasal whine that many people have compared to a hybrid of Bob Dylan and Keith Richards.

"Personally, I thought I was closer to Pavarotti" he jokes. "I don't know where they got that comparison. No, I'll tell you the truth. My biggest influences were Sam Cooke, David Ruffin, Levi Stubbs and guys like that. I'm sure there's Dylan, the Stones and the Beatles—all those groups I grew up with are certainly there, and I wouldn't deny they're influences because they're all terrific. But when I try to sing, I think it's Sam Cooke. If it comes out Keith, what can you do?"

It's an exciting show. The band works incredibly hard onstage—all that exercise pays off in the end—and the audience seems to leave incredibly happy. Whether the show will "motivate" or "inspire," as Van Zandt hopes, is anyone's guess. Sometime I think I'm getting a little too old and jaded to believe that rock 'n' roll is really capable of "saving" anyone or anything (though I may change my mind tomorrow), but as the realistic-yet-romantic writer who coined the title *Men Without Women* once wrote: "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

☆☆☆

One final thing about Van Zandt. The man never smiles. Even when he "laughs" or makes a joke, his lip curls in a sneer that would have made Elvis proud, but it really can't be termed a "smile." Isn't that a bit odd for someone who combats cynicism and pessimism as strongly as he does?

"Well, what's cynical about that? This isn't a funny world, Bill, and I don't see anything too funny to smile about. Just because I'm an optimist doesn't mean that I don't realize the world sucks. There's fucking wars, and we're all going to die of a horrible disease, and your friends die every day. But for some reason—it may be a paradox, I don't know—I don't like pessimistic people. I don't like nihilists and I don't like cynics. I don't have any cynical friends because I figure as long as we're here, we may as well make the best of it, and not whine about it. It's hard enough without people telling you how bad it is all the time."

So what does he hope to achieve in the future?

"There are so many things, ya know. One thing I'm most interested in is working with singers from the '60s who are in limbo. There are so many of those people around—and no record companies are interested in them anymore. And it makes me mad. I think successful record producers should have to take off three months, every other year even, and do a record with these guys. Because they were so important. They gave so much to our culture, and they never made any money.

"I also want to make films. I like films. We made a full-length feature of *Men Without Women* that we're going to try to get into a film festival or two, and then maybe take to art theatres, the midnight shows and cable TV. It's fun, and there's a lot you can do with films from an artistic standpoint. We'd like to get it back to the streets, and that's what I think we did with *Men Without Women*.

"Other than that, I hope to end all wars and cure all diseases. Until that day, I'll just keep rockin'."

MICHAEL JACKSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

friends."

Things weren't much different though when he was growing up in Gary, Indiana. He remembers "a huge baseball pitch at the back of where I lived and children playing and eating popcorn and everything" and not being allowed to join in, but still reckons "I didn't really feel left out. We got a lot in exchange for not playing baseball in the summer. My father was always very protective of us, taking care of business and everything...

"We went to school, but I guess we were even different then, because everyone in the neighborhood knew about us. We'd win every talent show and our house was loaded with trophies. We always had money and we could always buy things the other kids couldn't, like extra candy and extra bubblegum—our pockets were always loaded and we'd be passing out candy. That made us popular! But most of our life we had private schooling. I only went to one public school in my life. I tried to go to another one here, but it didn't work, because we'd be in our class and a bunch of fans would break into the classroom, or we'd come out of school and there'd be a bunch or kids waiting to take pictures and stuff like that. We stayed at that school a week. *One week!* That was all we could take. The rest was private school with other entertainment kids or stars' kids, where you wouldn't have to be hassled."

But spending your life almost exclusively with your brothers and sisters—don't you get on each other's nerves? Doesn't it get claustrophobic?

"Honestly, it doesn't, and I'm not just say-

ing that to be polite. Thank God it doesn't."

Not even when they're out on the road together?

"No. We're so silly when we're on the road, and we just get sillier. We play games, we throw things at each other, we do all kinds of silly things. It seems like when you're under pressure you find some kind of escapism to make up for that—because the road is a lot of tensions: work, interviews, fans grabbing you, everybody wants a piece of you, you're always busy, the phones ringing all night with fans calling you, so you put the phone under the mattress, then the fans knock at the door screaming, you can't even get out of the room without them following you. You feel that all around you. It's like you're in a goldfish bowl and they're always watching you."

How do you get away from the madness?

"I go to museums and learn and study. I don't do sports—it's dangerous. There's a lot of money being counted on, and we don't want to risk anything. My brother hurt his leg in a basketball game and we had to cancel the concert, and just because of him having an hour of fun, thousands of people missed the show, and we were being sued left and right because of a game. I don't think it's worth it...I try to be real careful."

Even about talking to the press. Another reason he hates interviews is a fear of being misquoted. Magazines he reckons, "can be so stupid sometimes that I want to choke them! Like I say things and they turn it all around. I could kill them sometimes. Once I made a quote—I care about starvation and I love children and I want to do something about the future. And I said, one day I'd love to go to India and see the starving children and really see what it feels like. And they wrote that Michael Jackson gets a kick out of seeing children starve, so you can see what kind of person he is!

"Ryan O'Neal sent her a tarantula spider one time," he grins of the author. "That was good!"

It's probably the nearest thing to a mean statement the man's made. You wonder how someone so sweet and shy and childlike gets to be such a demon onstage.

"I just do it really. The sex thing is kind of spontaneous. It really creates itself, I think."

So you don't practice being sexy in front of the mirror?

"No! Once the music plays, it creates me. The instruments move me, through me, *they* control *me*. Sometimes I'm uncontrollable and it just happens—*boom, boom, boom!*—once it gets inside you."

That doesn't mean that outside forces get the blame if anything goes wrong. Michael has complete control over every aspect of his career. And he criticizes his own efforts more than anyone else's.

"I'm never satisfied with what I do. I always think I can do it a lot better. I think," he considers, "it's good to be like that."

Anyway, as we told you already he's going to be working on a film with Steven Spielberg. "I *love* Steven," says Michael in the questionnaire. "Just 10 minutes before writing this, Steven called me. He bought me a present! I can't really tell you anything about the project. I will say Steven is my favorite director, and that he's looked long and hard for the right property." Just heard that Francis Ford Coppola wants to do *Peter Pan* with him as the lead. And we at CREEM haven't seen such a blatant bit of typecasting since Sly Stone made his fortune playing mindless beefcake.

At 24, doesn't it get on his nerves being referred to as a "child"?

"*I* don't mind. I feel I'm Peter Pan as well as Methusaleh, *and* a child. I love children so much. Thank *God* for children. They save me every time!

But how about a film of his own life, then? Will we ever get to see a film of Michael Jackson's magical life?

"No. I'd hate to play my own life story," he grimaces. "I haven't lived it yet! I'll let someone else do it."

DEXY'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

ago. I care a lot less what they'll say now, whereas I did then. It used to rip my heart out when I'd read that they'd got it all wrong and missed the point and portrayed me as a one-faceted person. I've got different sides, like anybody else. Different moods. I realize now that the only thing that counts is the records and the performances. The rest is just publicity."

Somehow, in his relating of Dexy's evolution, Kevin overlooked a fundamental impossibility in his expectations. If he set out to alienate the press, but was wounded when his schemes worked too well, honestly, what other result could there have been? Being told that we'd probably have gotten along better if I'd known nothing of Kevin's reputation, made me feel that this man wanted to be accepted intimately as a musician, but without any consideration given to his true personality. In my book, going along with a scam like that would be cheating at my job, especially since Rowland was uncooperative when it came to discussing those very records and shows.

For example, *Too-Rye-Ay* contains quite a few songs which seem to connect directly to events in Rowland's life. "Liars A to E" is a scathing number that hints at references to the press or possibly a misguided Dexy's audience. "No. Absolutely not," responded Kevin to the probe. "Everybody I know has been coming up to me saying, 'it wasn't about me, was it?" Well, what's it about then? "That's personal," said Rowland, flatly. At that moment, I frustratedly began to bang my head on the conference room table. "Everything I want to say is on the record, or what I do on stage," Kevin summarized. "It's the wrong thing to do, to talk about the words.

"The show is called The Bridge. It's 11 people. They all play things. I can't tell you anymore; you have to see it. What else can I say?" Not much, Kevin, except to take a look at one of your own epigrams that appears on the *Soul Rebels* album cover: "Old clothes do not make a tortured artist." That says it all.

BOW WOW WOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Really great. Didn't like toast much, but he was great."

Dave: "This is the one that all four of us done without any flack or any rubbish. And I just hope it does really good, 'cause

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I need to pay the rent. There's a love song here, there's a little message song there, there's a bit of everything. No conscious effort to have a bit of everything, it just seemed to work out that way."

My own favorite song is "Do You Wanna Hold Me?," which is also the pick for first single. It has such intriguing lines as, "Children I wanna warn ya/'Cause I've been to California..."

Dave: "That's about the fickleness of California and Hollywood. Nice and poppy, isn't it? It's like the Archies or something."

Annabella: "We've done a video for that. We would have liked to have filmed it in Disneyland, 'cause it's about all those sorts of characters. You know, Disneyland, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, they're so powerful. You get kids, adults, they're all interested in going to see it. And people just look up to these creatures, they've got a lot of power. And all it is is people dressing in these costumes.

"People believe in illusion a lot. They try to be what they see, I think."

Dave: "It's just to say how people feel nice and safe when they identify with things like Mickey Mouse and Pinnochio. How much more safe they feel in their little worlds. We wanted to blow Mickey Mouses up in the video, but weren't allowed to.

"What else? 'Roustabout', yeah that could be Louis Quatorze after he got caught. It's a good rocking song. 'Lonesome Tonight,' that's brilliant, that's my favorite one. That's just a girl pining for her boy. Yeah, it's just another fun silly little record, that's all. Like we said, it's got something for everyone on it."

My advice: don't believe too hard in the pretty Bow Wow Wow bubble, because it's certainly going to burst. But it *is* pretty, so enjoy it while it's still so happily afloat.

MALCOLM McLAREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

prototypical punk and pirate looks after years as London's premiere Teddy Boy haberdasher. So the old chap from America's only rock 'n' roll magazine that bills itself as such was a little surprised to have noted that, aside from his rather peculiar black felt boots, the clothing Mal wore to be interrogated in was a sort that might be glimpsed anywhere that nice folks go about their business. He explained his sartorial demureness this way: "Having a physical image of my own has never been essential to what I do. An artist who paints pictures often doesn't have an image of his own, and I've always preferred to use other people as my canvas."

The fact that he disdains to dress for success, though, should by no means be construed as tantamount to his lacking a self-conception that both whimsical and wonderful. "I think of myself," he reveals, peepers all a-twinkle, "as Mr. Mischief, as a sort of Harpo Marx crossed with the god Pan, someone who pops up in odd places creating confusion."

The two men's thoughts turn to the New York Dolls, whom McLaren managed briefly before their breakup, and whom he persuaded to write and sing songs "about truck driving in Peking, about all things Red," with a hammer and sickle flag behind them and Mao's Little Red Book in lead singer David Johansen's grimy clutches.

"After one of their best shows," Mrs. McLaren's baby boy Malcolm reminisces sourly, "this woman who used to write for your magazine that bills itself as such, was going on and on to the promoter about how she didn't approve at all, as I was a Communist. She knew this for a fact, you see, because someone in London had told her so. David collared me in the loo and said, "For Christ's sake, don't irritate this woman—she's very *important!*" I tried to tell him that *he* was the important one, that *he* was the one who'd just done a great show. But it didn't work. " 'Look,' he went up and told her, 'it's only fun,' It was that night that I realized that my work with the New York Dolls was finished."

What in the world, the old chap from America's only rock 'n' roll magazine that bills itself as such wonders, does the self-styled Mr. Mischief have against fun? "Fun," McLaren explains tartly, "is a very debilitating word. I don't think that anyone who's really mattered would have said that it was just fun—not Jim Morrison, not Jimi Hendrix, not Chuck Berry or Bo Diddley or Elvis, none of them.

"And I thought what the Dolls d d was a very strong, very valid way of livening up people's attitudes, of getting them to define who they were, of creating debate. So I thought it was fatally cynical for David Johansen to say it was just fun. That ignored Alan Freed dying under the circumstances that he died under! That ignores nearly every major black artist of the '50s winding up penniless or a heroin addict!"

Perhaps, the old chap from America's only rock 'n' roll magazine that bills itself as such speculates, Johansen fretted that the trappings of Maoism might strike his audience as sensational for sensationalism's sake, facile and meaningless in much the same way that the vile and repugnant Plasmatics would be years later. "No," the pixieish provocateur wails woundedly, "it *wasn't* facile! Nothing I've ever done has been facile!

"It was like ET. ET worked in the American market because he's the Red under the bed, this-terrible monster America's been propaganderizing (sic!) for years. ET is the black man—Everything That Couldn't Be in White Anglo-Saxon society. Now when I say to you that David Johansen was doing what ET did—giving the dispossessed of America something to rally around, you might reply that ET is just a lot of fun. But I think he's much, much more than that."

No interview with Malcolm would be complete without a few paragraphs on The Sex Pistols, and this one is no exception. Hence, let's pause for a moment to encourage the self-styled maestro of mischief to reminisce about Johnny, Sid, What-Was-His-Name, and What-Was-His Name.

"They were England's greatest contribution to rock 'n' roll because they were the most English group ever," he responds with palpable enthusiasm. "Rotten was straight out of *David Copperfield*, Vicious straight out of one of those drains in Batter-

sea. They were a bunch of ragamuffins who had a fucking huge story to tell everybody. They were closer to Dickens than to Muddy Waters, which was why they were afforded such tremendous journalism. The gave rock 'n' roll a wider definition. They put anarchy into the children's dictionary!"

"Maybe they speak unkindly of me," M mused when asked why such of his former proteges as John Lydon and Bow Wow Wow speak so lowly of him, "because they're jealous, or because they don't understand who I am. Maybe it's because I've never been interested in success. What *is* important to me is to provoke change. The people I've worked with have often expected me to do so solely for their own ends."

Many people believe that the Sex Pistols saved rock 'n' roll. The Sex Pistols were essentially M's idea. Therefore, you might very well reason that M saved rock 'n' roll. So why don't countless millions of teenagers carry photographs of him around in their wallets? Mal himself can scarcely be bothered even to consider the issue, although he's only too delighted to note the irony of his charges being hailed as saviors. "At the time," he points out, "people didn't think that the Sex Pistols were saving anything at all. In fact, people were terrified that they'd destroy everything. And it's true that in the end they left a lot of debris. When they broke up there was a sigh of relief in The Industry that could be heard from Warner Bros. in Burbank clear across the Atlantic to Greek Street in Soho. The Industry," he finishes, sneering expansively, "was very pleased that they could get back to the normal selling of product."

"No," he muses, treating himself to a quick bite of his egg salad sandwich, "The Sex Pistols didn't *want* to save anything. They wanted to show that rock 'n' roll was about provocation and change."

"I don't know if I get my due," he reflects at last, munching happily now, "but I'm not so sure that I care. I'm far more concerned with what's next."

CULTURE CLUB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

very democratic." Regarding the Culture Club: "One thing we try to do in this band: we try to keep it really democratic. Regarding Adam Ant: "He acts like he's something special. He sacked his band, didn't he?"

Mr. Ant proved to be another fine conversational foil that evening. I knew I was on solid ground when I suggested that he did his make-up better than Boy George and elicited a look of (hopefully) mock pain and horror from O'Dowd. Jesus, what kind of business am I in, going around judging how grown-up men do their goddamned make-up?

Oh well, back to Adam Ant. George is one fella who has no qualms about being a pop star, which is something that gave Ant the willies when I talked with him a while back. I repeated to George what Adam told me, i.e., "I'm not a pop star." (What is this, anyway, a gossip column? *"I told George that Adam said blah blah"... Sheesh!)*

"Well, he's a damned liar, isn't he?" said George. "Because he's the biggest pop star that ever came in England. (No, I won't touch that one.) He's the most revolutionary thing that's happened for years in England. But what he actually did was he took it so far that all he was *was* a pop star. He wasn't a person.

"I'll tell you something. What happened to Adam Ant, as well...the one thing with this band (C.C.) is that we started out with a sound that we wanted to keep. Adam Ant started out with a very alternative punk sound (what the hell's that?) and then decided he wanted to become a pop star. And he became a pop star.

"The thing is: I *do* like Adam. 'Goody Two Shoes' is a *good* song. It's the only good song on the album, though. There is something about Adam Ant which he's got, which he can lose. He's got something there which is more than music. He's got something there that people like. But I think that, in a way, I could've done what Adam Ant has done. I could've taken my make-up off and come to America and put on a pair of tight trousers and stuffed hose down my leg and done quite well at it. But I have no desire to."

Well, no doubt. I hate to depart from all this tremendously interesting Limey gossip and talk about music for a few minutes, but what the hell. Why not take a chance?

It's pretty obvious to me that C.C.'s a great example of being in the right place at the right time with a winsome little whine like "Hurt Me," but that's only because I'm an expert. Their black/white message—so boldly stated on *Kissing To Be Clever*— is getting awfully tedious as far as politics/sociology goes. I mean, I get the hint already, you upstanding British bands: we're supposed to get along with each other or something like that, right? So leave me alone, I not only don't feel guilty—I actually feel *good*—about being a white boy.

Of course, my aesthetic is well-honed. If you want to know where Boy George is coming from, why, heck; I'll let him tell you. "I like Foreigner," he said with a straight face. "There's one Foreigner song that I think is the best they've ever done, which is 'Waiting For A Girl Like You.' "

Me, I can't really identify with it. You look like a Foreigner fan, though.

"That song's great!"

Do you like "Africa" by Toto?

"I like that song (begins humming 'Africa.'). Jon (Moss) had that song months ago and I really couldn't stand it, but then I heard it on the radio and I really got to like it.

"When I was really young, though, it was Shirley Bassey and Dean Martin."

Of course. Dino's always been my favorite, too. Him and Burl Ives.

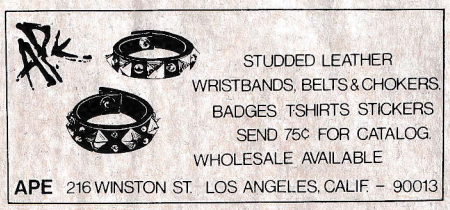
(Boy started breaking up a bit here, and I suggested to my erstwhile companion, a long-suffering Bob Alford: "I think Boy's kidding me rather cruelly.")

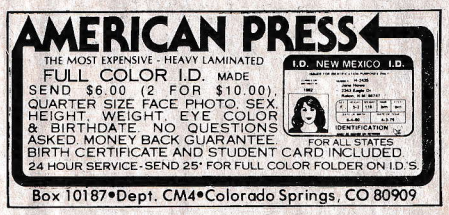
"I'm not kidding you!"

Oh yeah? Do you like "That's Amore?"

" *'When you walk down the street with a cloud at your feet, that's amore...that's amore.'* I wanna tell you, it sounded like a heavenly choir of angelic Smokey Robinsons.

Boy was giggling with delight. "Actually,





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it's really strange that you mentioned that song. 'Cause that song was, like, my parents' favorite song."

Y'know, Boy, I'd really like to meet your parents someday.

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

promoting actual stage panache. The best thing I ever overheard about the Nightlife lineup in full pout and prance was an outraged teen complaining that, in the flesh, his idols behaved "like the kids from Fame!".

A similar surprise occurs whenever the Beehive Jive of Miss Mari Wilson surfaces onstage, as opposed to within the suburban sleeve-fantasy world she presents in periodicals. Her much televised, video-ed and promo-ed cover version of Julie London's torchy "Cry Me A River" caused national outrage among London's large cult following. (If you remember Julie L. as the singing vision in 1956's rock-flick *The Girl Can't Help It*, you realize it's the *real* star of that film, Jayne Mansfield, with whom the less than talented but very nice Mari has something more concrete in common). Compact Records mentor Tot Taylor may have cooked up a hoot at the expense of sentimental housewives everywhere, but too many people (the adenoidal Mari included) are now taking it all absolutely seriously...Critics speak of Wilson's "sexual sophistication" and "torch touch."

Mari herself (who lives in Neasden with her parents) is less highfalutin'. She likes "those songs" because "they have a beginning, a middle and an end." She's "very into style and class; you've either got a 'new romantic' thing or a punky scruffy look where you bung ribbons in and wear your hair any old how and I don't think that's particularly feminine. I mean, I don't wear a bra, but that's not my biggest statement!"

What about sexual sophistication, though? "Well, my whole character up on stage is "she's a survivor." A real woman, but a survivor too. I took a drop in salary to do this y'know—I worked for a firm as sales co-ordinator, where I worked with six men, and what you realize is men are much bitchier than women. Women, however, are dirties."

What's the flip side of all this new coin? Well—according to the polls, what Weller's represented as a British man these past four years, Siouxsie Sioux (ever the JK Huysmans of anti-harmony in the U.K.) has meant as woman. She retains Budgie—there's a new Creatures EP in the works as I write this. But the continued infatuation of Britain's youth with her well-architected pose (the Klimt-style sleeve of *A Kiss In The Dreamhouse* was a careful collaboration between noted image-sealer Michael Kostiff and exuberantly talented design team Rocking Russian, old pals from the Sex Pistols era) is a press officer's dream. And all when her latest LP proves beyond any lingering doubt that Siouxsie's vocal "talents" boil down to a flatly declarative chutzpah fixated on overblown, interminably meaningless images of gloom adolescent-style. Thank God for Budgie's drumming, even if it does expose Sioux's naked lack of response to rhythm of any sort (just check out 'Cocoon').

Best-Dressed, Best-Tressed Sioux, the "Neo-Gothick-Goddess," has always been an imagemonger's wet dream. Lately, though, her quarry (those who like to look on the darker side) have been poking their ears even further Down Under: to hear Surgical Penis Klinik, the Birthday Party, or Hunters and Collectors. Three Aussie bands—a new movement already in media circles! Actually, they're all different (however derivative), and it's the Birthday Party who flew in from adopted burg Berlin last week to find their *The Bad Seed* #2 in the indie charts. Legions of would-be plunkies and junkies have been lining up in leather and studs to procure tickets for their forthcoming dates, and Partyman Nick Cave has in girlfriend Lydia Lunch an Ice Goddess whose virtuosity (she writes novels and poetry as well as songs: dirty dramas they co-author for any stage which will perform 'em) easily matches Siouxsie for high media quotient.

Birthday Party punters wear roughly the same gear that's selling on the cover of heroin heroine Patti Palladin's 12" "Siamese Lovers": black stiletto boots with chain-linked spurs. In the way of such things, this former half of feted female punk duo Snatch *recorded* this disc in 1979, but *released* it last week.

Thank heaven for the human sentiments of Aztec Camera, whose current single reiterates the necessity of loyalty, humor and lightheartedness in life as well as love. "They call us lonely when we're just alone," they warble tenaciously in "Oblivious." And, in the indie charts at least, guess what? They ARE Number 1.

MAIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the March issues that you can find. Then take all the blank pages and mail them to us. These are your "proof of purchase." We will then send you a picture of Dave DiMartino dancing with Bill Holdship. Note: you need at least ten blank pages to participate. Sent them to Blank Pages, c/o CREEM Magazine.—Ed.)

GEORGE/GEORGIA?

Boy George is really a girl impersonating a boy being a girl.

Raymond Alvarez
Elmhurst, NY

MEMBERS MARRIED!

I heard a rumor that Simon LeBon and John Taylor of Duran Duran are married. Is this true or not? Are any other members married?

Melissa Murrin
Appleton, IA

(John was married to Andy was married to Roger was married to all June's Dancers. That answer your question?—Ed.)

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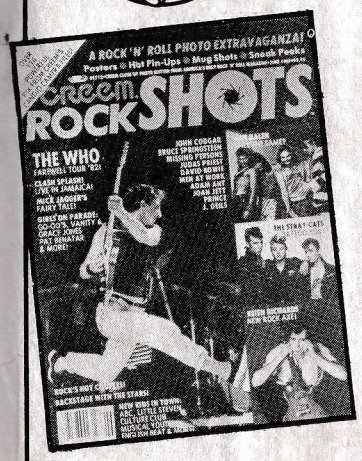

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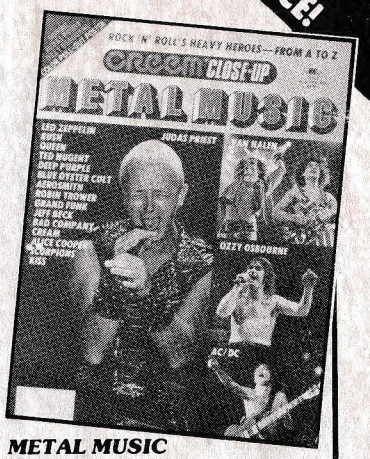

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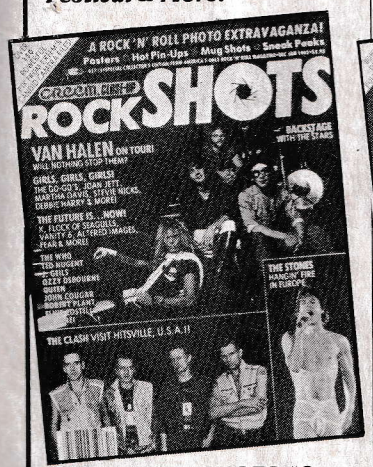

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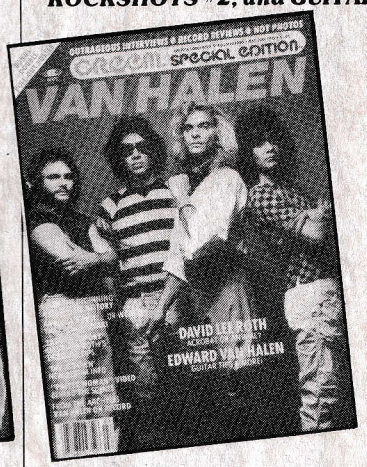

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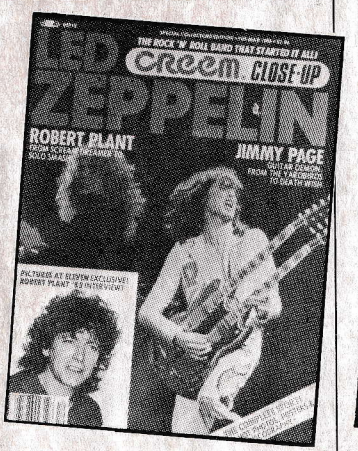

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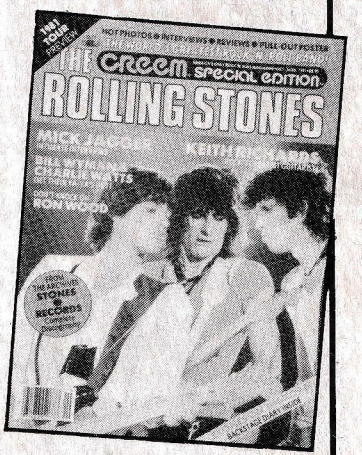

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